entered it in the land of illusion
stic mimosa beside the temple
salaam to the Divine Child, and
a pagan altar tottered, groaned,
anmentations, fell crashing to the
e-girl remained the grateful ser-
ry while they abode in Heliopolis,
in a mohair tent, after the manner
e, close to the habitation of the
MES PYLE'S
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alling at your office on the 28th of Septem
ast your treatment of the asthma, a disease
ve suffered from for nearly two years. I
ne, suffering the weariness, depression of
ghtness and oppression of the lungs, wheez
difficult respiration. As night approached
erings generally increased, until I often
ld she might "pass away" in one of these
ks. I returned home in season to have her
the taking of medicine at noon. It very
e her relief, and from that time till now she
had one of those paroxysms that had gener-
so distressing to her. We appreciate it as
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MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN

DEVOTED TO AGRICULTURE, HORTICULTURE, THE FARM, THE GARDEN, THE FIRESIDE, RURAL LIFE, LITERATURE, USEFUL ARTS, NEWS, &c.

AND NEW ENGLAND AGRICULTURE.

JOURNAL OF

VOLUME XLV.—NO. 14. BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 2, 1886. WHOLE NUMBER 2290

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Editorial.

JANUARY ON THE FARM.

The New Year.—He who has made good use of his time during the past year will be better prepared than ever before to enter upon the duties of the new year; for when we make the best use of our time we are gradually changing our unbecoming thoughts and acts for those that are more desirable; we are advancing to a higher level where we can take a broader view, see clearer, and understand better our duties in life. He who has never risen high enough to see beyond the clouds that obscure the vision of his selfish eye is an object of pity, and needs a helping hand to lift him to a position where he can see beyond the darkness that contracts his vision. Those who make the most of life, and secure the largest amount of happiness, will be found among those who do the most to make those around them happy. Happiness for ourselves is never gathered more surely or rapidly than when we are dealing it out to others, is a rule to which there is rarely an exception. Happiness possesses that wonderfully quality of expansion that enables us to give with the most liberal hand without diminishing what we possess; in fact, the more we give the more we have left.

The farmer, above all others, is in a position to take a broad view of life. The more thorough he examines the productions of nature, the more extensive and the more perfect he finds them. Nature is continually teaching, to those who understand her, patience, honesty and continued progress. The farmer's home *should be filled* to overflowing with true happiness; kind words, smiling countenances, and loving eyes should chase away cross words, frowns, and flashes of anger. Let every farmer and each member of his family resolve that during the year 1886 every effort shall be made to make their home the brightest—in fact, the happiest, spot on earth. During the long winter evenings the farmer has it in his power to do much to shape the future course of his children. If he spends his evenings at home, as he should, he will naturally take the lead, and direct the course of studies and plan for such new amusements as will be both elevating and joyous; in this way children are made to love their homes, and to care nothing for the attractions of the gilded saloons. But when the head of the household hurries through his supper, that he may have a few minutes more time to spend at the corner grocery, or to gossip with the neighbors, he shows that he has no conception of what he might enjoy at home—in fact, what his duty is to his family.

The Ice Crop.—The ice crop this year is somewhat later than last year; but as the ponds are well filled it is fair to presume that the crop will be sufficient to supply our wants. This crop is getting to be of great importance in New England, not only as a convenience, but important in a commercial point of view; large numbers get a comfortable living by cutting and storing ice to be shipped to warmer climates, and our home market is very large, almost every one using ice. The farmer who keeps a herd of cows finds it for his interest to have an ice house of his own; the expense of a house is comparatively light, and when once built it can be filled every year at a very trifling expense. Just when to harvest ice is a very difficult question to decide. The farmer should always be ready to commence cutting the moment he finds the ice is thick enough; twelve inches is a very good thickness, and on the eastern border of the State it is rarely safe to wait for it to be any thicker, some seasons it gets but little beyond six inches in thickness, except in favored ponds. This is not thick enough to keep well unless it be put in when the weather is cold enough to freeze the cakes together, when one is placed upon the other and left over night; this makes extra work, and is attended with the risk of having it made thinner by rains.

Care of the Stock. — During the cold weather the farm stock depends so much on the farmer for food that its condition varies according to the care it gets. As the farmer is not hurried with work during the winter months, he ought to devote sufficient time to the care of his stock to supply the wants of each animal. The difference in feeding a herd of fifty cattle as they should be fed, or in a careless manner, will amount to several dollars per day. It should be the aim of each farmer to feed each animal so that there shall be no waste, and yet keep them in good condition. The water should be looked after, and, when necessary, warmed; under no circumstances is it proper to drive cattle in the cold wind to a distant pond for water that is at the freezing point. This is one of the errors of our fathers, but with our means of conveying water we have not the excuse which they had for this cruel practice.

The Wood-Pile.—Every farmer should look ahead at least one year to secure wood in the best condition to burn; that which is to be used next winter should be prepared this winter. It it was cut, as it should have been, last autumn, it will be in readiness to draw home the first sledding; when at home, every spare hour should be devoted to preparing it for the stove. To have wood in the best condition to burn, it should be sawed and split before the first of March; then it will have the benefit of the drying winds of early spring, and, if properly piled up, will be in good condition to house before warm weather commences. Those who have been accustomed to leave their wood in four-feet lengths until the warm summer rains begin to come, lose a considerable portion of the heating qualities of the wood. Birch, hemlock, pine and maple all require to be cut in short lengths and split in small pieces to get the best results, and the work should be done early enough in the season to get it well dried before the warm weather.

Correspondence.

MILK RAISING VS. REAL ESTATE.

Editor of the Massachusetts Ploughman:—

I propose to show that the low price of milk is the great cause for the depression in real estate, especially milk farms. Who at present wants to buy a farm with milk at the ruinous price of to-day?

It is the opinion of Mr. Johnson of Framingham, and he has many supporters, that the cows will not give milk enough to pay for the hay they consume, let alone the grain bill. How long shall we continue in this kind of business? Look at the establishment on the Boston & Albany Railroad, built on a firm foundation of brick, for the sale of dairy products. Farmers, you will find it hard to fall against. It is only a question of time. You will see another in the vicinity of the Fitchburg Railroad as soon as the plans are consummated for building the Union depot. When this is done, "farmers, what will you do?" with the prospect of about seventeen cents a can next summer—certainly a cheerful outlook for paying interest and reducing the mortgage.

These men who have told us how low they could make milk on apple pomace, brewers' grains and ensilage, where are they? Gone, may be, "where the woodbine twineth," as the price of milk is down to their own very low estimate. I can see but one way out of this great dilemma: build local creameries and handle the product ourselves. The Ashby creamery has done well the past summer and given satisfactory returns.

The moment a creamery is built in a town it will enhance the value of a farm at least ten per cent. Look at the value in hogs and calves that can be raised on the skim milk, even at the price of one cent per quart. We can raise calves and hardly feel the outlay compared to the cost of haying cows. That our standard of milk is right, is conclusively proven by the sixteen authorities in your issue of Dec. 19, and we, as farmers, shall be pleased to meet the manipulators of milk at the State House, any time it will meet their convenience. CONCORD.

December 19, 1885.

"STUMP ROOT"—Correction.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

I fear I made a muddle, in last week's report, of what I said on Stump Root. Here is what I would have go in print: A very wet location or very strong manure close to the location will sometimes produce this disease; but the great cause results from following cabbage with cabbage on the same spot with intervals of less than three or four years between Soil abounding in lime, or those to which heavy dressings of unleached ashes has been applied, will grow cabbage successfully year after year—so will the gardens, in some of which they have been raised for sixty years continuously on the same spot. As these gardens have no specially alkaline manure given them year after year, I will throw out the suggestion that it may be possible that the enemy, be he animal or vegetable, which causes the stump foot, may be killed once for all through a course of years by a heavy application of unleached wood ashes, at the rate of 200 to 250 bushels per acre.

JAMES J. H. GREGORY.

Marblehead, Mass.

FEEDING LAMBS.

[Rural New Yorker.]

Feed a little grain daily, commencing as soon as the lambs are separated from the ewes, when raised; and as soon as brought home, when purchased. No matter how early this may be, or how good the pasture, a little extra feed in the shape of corn, oil meal and bran, will keep up a growth and and thrift that, with the increase in fleece produced, will pay well for all the food consumed. The practice will, at the same time, accustom the lambs to the presence of the feeder, making them tame, and at the same time it will get them used to the dry food so they will not so much mind the change when taken from the pasture to the barns. For convenience in feeding, troughs should be provided; they can be made of boards of any convenient length, and eight inches wide nailed together, and to V-shaped end pieces. They are to be supported on legs made of one and one-half inch planks, ten inches wide and sixteen inches long, having notches cut in the upper edge into which the troughs are to be nailed. A trough sixteen feet long, if placed where the lambs can eat from either side, will afford room for feeding twenty-five. A good food is made by mixing two parts of corn, one part of oil-meal and four parts of bran, by measure; one bushel of this to one hundred lambs is a fair ration while at grass. They should be fed but once a day, and the best time is just at night, or after a day's run in the pasture; but whatever time is selected as "feeding time," it should not be changed, but should remain the same, day after day, otherwise, not knowing when to expect their food, they will be constantly watching, instead of grazing as they should.

HOUSING LAMBS DURING STORMS.

In the fall, pays well for the little trouble; cold weather, or even cold winds, do them but little harm so long as they have dry coats; but a cold rain, or even a heavy shower, wets them to the skin and saturates their wool, and with the heavy fleeces which they have at this season, several days elapse before they become dried; meanwhile, with their wet shirts, very cold wind affects them, and they take cold, run at the nose and eyes and are almost certain to lose flesh. It is also a good plan to house them at night, as soon as the nights are uniformly cold and heavy frosts cover everything in the morning. This is but little trouble, and if the feeding hour has been fixed at night, by transferring the troughs to the stables or barns, one or two nights' feeding in these quarters will make them only too ready to rush in as soon as they have a chance.

PUTTING LAMBS INTO WINTER-QUARTERS

should not be delayed too long. After a few severe frosts, the grass loses its nutritive value largely, and, although with a little increase in the grain the lambs may be left at pasture until the ground freezes up without much, if any, loss of flesh, yet the danger of being caught in storms is increased, the grass is eaten too close for the good of the pasture, and the lambs do not make as much growth as is desirable. It is, therefore, better to put them permanently into their winter-quarters as soon as the nights become so cold that the grass is frozen so solid as to be broken when trodden on by stock or men. In Western New York this is not far from the middle of November in average years.

Meeting of Farmers

At the New England Agricultural Hall, Ploughman Building, 45 Milk St Boston, Saturday, Dec 19, 1885

[HELD UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN ASSOCIATION.]

CONTINUED REPORT

—OF THE—

DISCUSSION

—ON—

THE CULTIVATION

—OF THE—

Cabbage and Cauliflower

HON. JAMES J. H. GREGORY, the well-known Seedsman, leads,

FOLLOWED BY

JAMES P. KING, GEO. A. TAPLEY, BENJ. P. WARE, GEORGE HILL, of Arlington, and others.

Hon. DANIEL NEEDHAM presides.

Phonographically Reported expressly for the Mass. Ploughman.

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THE DISCUSSION

Following Mr. Gregory's Remarks.

Mr. TAPLEY, of Revere—I should like to ask Mr. Gregory the cheapest manner of getting potash. He spoke of using six hundred pounds to an acre. In what form is it cheapest for a man to get potash for use for cabbages?

Mr. GREGORY—The cheapest form is the muriate. I had three car loads of ashes come in a few days ago. They were Canada ashes, and are very rich in all elements that make plant food except nitrogen. Not only are they good for vegetable life, but they are, also, good for trees. But there is need to be careful in applying them. I think that it would be best in using them for cabbage to put about one-half in a hill and to harrow on one-half broadcast.

Mr. STONE, of Watertown—How do you usually apply it? Broadcast?

Mr. GREGORY—In applying the muriate of potash I use it broadcast, and put on one-third after the first hoeing. It is best to put it around the hill. In that way the cabbage will head up larger. This idea of manuring our cabbages more closely will make a change of my method of cabbage growing. I shall act hereafter on the theory of bringing the food nearer to the plant.

President Needham, at this point, invited Mr. Ware to occupy the chair.]

REMARKS OF MR. WARE.

Gentlemen—The cabbage subject has been very ably presented to you, and very fully. There are several gentlemen here who are experts in growing cabbage for market and in marketing the cabbage. Mr. Gregory, as we all know, raises seed and stock for seed purposes, and his business is a little different from raising cabbage for market. You might believe he does sell more or less cabbages, as well as other things, in the market. I will just refer to a little incident that occured in my experience. I had occasion to go into Middlesex County, to speak before Farmers' Institutes there, on a very different occasion from this one. I desired, in both places, that I should speak upon the field culture of vegetables and root crops. Among other things, I said that the Marblehead and Swampscott Farmers' Club, in discussing a subject of what had been the most profitable crop the last four years, decided that the cabbage crop was. I made that statement to those farmers' meetings in Middlesex County,—it was in northern Middlesex,—and said that we had found the cabbage the most profitable crop. The result was that the next year five hundred acres of cabbages were planted in the vicinity of Lowell. It was not this year, but the year before. Of course the market was perfectly glutted. They could not find sale for their crop. The result was that the Boston. But I had, in my addresses, told how to preserve them through the winter and how to sell them in the market. They treated them in that way, and finally sold them for nearly enough to make them whole, and they just about got out of it. So it is necessary for those who advocate special crops to be a little cautious, lest their advice be carried too far, and the market glutted in some localities, as happened on that occasion.

The Cabbage as a Continuous Crop.

I want to make one point about growing cabbages year after year on the same land. Mr. Gregory suggested to you that in many gardens in towns cabbages have been grown continuously for many years with success. I suppose, as he understands all about raising them, that possibly it can be done in those gardens where the waste from the family is used for the vegetables, and in other ways the materials that are necessary to supply the essential ingredients for cabbage and the accumulated in the garden, when they would not be in other places. If the proper amount of food is supplied to the cabbage year after year they may be grown indefinitely on that land. Now, he has stated that good ashes will supply that element for cabbages sufficiently year after year. I have no doubt that that is so, in some cases. But, as he has indicated, we should beware of planting cabbages for two years in succession without special preparation and the application of fertilizers that is so necessary to plant food.

The Cabbage as a Money Crop.

Now, this cabbage question is a very important one, as in our locality it is one of the leading money crops. Our farmers in Essex County, especially in the vicinity of Marblehead, get a good deal of money from the cabbage and the like. They grow large quantities of cabbage, and feel that it is one of the most reliable money crops that we can grow.

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Mr. President—I have been a cabbage grower for forty years, as I suppose. But when I visited Mr. Gregory's farm last season, and saw something like 40,000 cabbages growing there, I was ashamed of my own record, though I have been considered a large cabbage grower. I told him that I was a grower to but a very small extent certainly compared with him. After looking over these fields I felt as if I could not be called a large grower, though I have been raising 10,000 a year for forty years. I have no doubt. It did not take me long to find out that I could not grow a crop in the second year on the same piece of land. I had considerable confidence until I visited with Mr. Gregory on his farm last season, and I never used the land for cabbage again until I seeded it down, and let it lie for something like three years. Then I would risk it again, and so would use it for cabbages once in four years. I would like to know if Mr. Gregory can raise cabbages successfully the second year. I understood him to say that he could do so.

Mr. GREGORY—I have tried it for two years on the same piece and succeeded.

Mr. KING—This year I had a neighbor who tried planting on the same piece and he made a complete success. It is something very singular. We cannot use land for cabbages oftener than once in four years, unless Mr. Gregory's remedy proves to be successful.

Mr. WARE—Do you apply your fertilizer in the same way he does?

Manure and Fertilizer Compared.

Mr. KING—No, sir. I use no manure. I use no ashes, or anything of that kind. Still I am inclined to think that Mr. Gregory's remedy may be a successful one. But I shall have more confidence in the future when I plough up my land again. I looked at his piece of cabbages where he had grown them on the same ground last year, and it was certainly a complete success. They were as good as any cabbages were on his farm. In regard to the kinds of cabbage, I have raised most of the Brunswick and the Stone Mason cabbage as a general thing, and I have come to the conclusion that with the Brunswick I can get more bulk at least from an acre and they will bring the same price. You can get as much for a Brunswick cabbage as for a Stone Mason, though the Stone Mason would weigh the most. It is the solidest cabbage. Therefore I should raise the Brunswick cabbage.

An Experiment.

Now this year I tried an experiment. I planted them with fertilizer, and applied also a heavy dressing of manure. I have a neighbor who says there is but little strength in those fertilizers. After the cabbage got growing well I had about twenty hundred growing on fertilizer and four hundred to five hundred with a heavy coating of manure as a dressing. It needs about ten cords to the acre. I took the gentleman on the ground and said I had two kinds of dressing for the cabbages this year. He felt confident that fertilizers will not grow large cabbages as quickly as manure, for in one place I put on barnyard manure, and in another I put on fertilizer. My neighbor said he had no doubt he could tell where the barnyard manure was. We walked down the length of the row, and we noticed that one part of the field, where there were 400 or 500 heads, did not look as if they would come to anything. The other part looked in good condition. He said, when he saw the latter, that those were the ones where the barnyard manure had been applied. "Well," I told him, "those are the plants that had the fertilizer placed on the land, and the others are where I put the barnyard manure. That was the result, and I have found it to pay every time to put on fertilizer. I used to raise 800 plants to a bag, but in later years I have raised only 600 plants to a bag of 200 pounds. I have a right to expect and do get a heavy crop of cabbage. And I think it is the best way to do to get a heavy crop on newly broken up land. This land I speak of had not been in tearing for twelve years. I think that land for cabbage should be treated in the way that Mr. Gregory speaks of. I would claim this: that if we do not plant more than 300 or 400 plants to a bag, we have a right to expect the manure will be the best strong that the plants would almost be destroyed and would be injured so as not to be fit for eating. In regard to the worm which has been mentioned, I think that on a large field most of the plants will be safe, because the worm will not find them all. I think and will not get at those on the inside of the field.

I have come to the conclusion that it is much better to plant cabbages than to transplant them. If you plant them early in the season, you have a right to expect that nearly all of them if you have a good piece of land, and don't plant them until from the 1st to the 12th of July, you have a right to expect trouble. They don't get started, and, consequently, you will not get more than one-half the amount which you ought to get if you plant them earlier. That has been my experience in this raising the crop. I think it is better, decidedly, to plant them every time. They look very fair when they are sowed in drills, and I have had doubts in my own mind at times whether I should hill. In that way the cabbage will head up larger. This idea of manuring our cabbages more closely will make a change of my method of cabbage growing. I shall act hereafter on the theory of bringing the food nearer to the plant.

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Mr. GREGORY—I have tried it for two years on the same piece and succeeded.

Mr. KING—This year I had a neighbor who tried planting on the same piece and he made a complete success. It is something very singular. We cannot use land for cabbages oftener than once in four years, unless Mr. Gregory's remedy proves to be successful.

Mr. WARE—Do you apply your fertilizer in the same way he does?

Manure and Fertilizer Compared.

Mr. KING—No, sir. I use no manure. I use no ashes, or anything of that kind. Still I am inclined to think that Mr. Gregory's remedy may be a successful one. But I shall have more confidence in the future when I plough up my land again. I looked at his piece of cabbages where he had grown them on the same ground last year, and it was certainly a complete success. They were as good as any cabbages were on his farm. In regard to the kinds of cabbage, I have raised most of the Brunswick and the Stone Mason cabbage as a general thing, and I have come to the conclusion that with the Brunswick I can get more bulk at least from an acre and they will bring the same price. You can get as much for a Brunswick cabbage as for a Stone Mason, though the Stone Mason would weigh the most. It is the solidest cabbage. Therefore I should raise the Brunswick cabbage.

An Experiment.

Now this year I tried an experiment. I planted them with fertilizer, and applied also a heavy dressing of manure. I have a neighbor who says there is but little strength in those fertilizers. After the cabbage got growing well I had about twenty hundred growing on fertilizer and four hundred to five hundred with a heavy coating of manure as a dressing. It needs about ten cords to the acre. I took the gentleman on the ground and said I had two kinds of dressing for the cabbages this year. He felt confident that fertilizers will not grow large cabbages as quickly as manure, for in one place I put on barnyard manure, and in another I put on fertilizer. My neighbor said he had no doubt he could tell where the barnyard manure was. We walked down the length of the row, and we noticed that one part of the field, where there were 400 or 500 heads, did not look as if they would come to anything. The other part looked in good condition. He said, when he saw the latter, that those were the ones where the barnyard manure had been applied. "Well," I told him, "those are the plants that had the fertilizer placed on the land, and the others are where I put the barnyard manure. That was the result, and I have found it to pay every time to put on fertilizer. I used to raise 800 plants to a bag, but in later years I have raised only 600 plants to a bag of 200 pounds. I have a right to expect and do get a heavy crop of cabbage. And I think it is the best way to do to get a heavy crop on newly broken up land. This land I speak of had not been in tearing for twelve years. I think that land for cabbage should be treated in the way that Mr. Gregory speaks of. I would claim this: that if we do not plant more than 300 or 400 plants to a bag, we have a right to expect the manure will be the best strong that the plants would almost be destroyed and would be injured so as not to be fit for eating. In regard to the worm which has been mentioned, I think that on a large field most of the plants will be safe, because the worm will not find them all. I think and will not get at those on the inside of the field.

I have come to the conclusion that it is much better to plant cabbages than to transplant them. If you plant them early in the season, you have a right to expect that nearly all of them if you have a good piece of land, and don't plant them until from the 1st to the 12th of July, you have a right to expect trouble. They don't get started, and, consequently, you will not get more than one-half the amount which you ought to get if you plant them earlier. That has been my experience in this raising the crop. I think it is better, decidedly, to plant them every time. They look very fair when they are sowed in drills, and I have had doubts in my own mind at times whether I should hill. In that way the cabbage will head up larger. This idea of manuring our cabbages more closely will make a change of my method of cabbage growing. I shall act hereafter on the theory of bringing the food nearer to the plant.

Mr. TAPLEY—I was going to tell you how I managed that. Some gypsies were camped in a piece of woods near there, and I hired them for $10 to pull out the weeds. They are a lazy set and did not half do it. But I watched them pretty closely, and they went through and pulled out most of the weeds. They got almost as high as the cabbage, and they were left on the ground after they were pulled up. I never had a better piece of cabbage anywhere in my life.

Mr. GREGORY—That brings to mind a case somewhat like it. It appears that the manure was harvested by putting the cabbage stalks in. But you could go on and put on compost and get extra large cabbage. In that case it resulted from the previous manuring which laid in a large store of phosphoric acid and potash in the soil, as I found on examination and reflection. If you put in an extra quantity of phosphoric acid and potash, it will lie dormant for even fifty years. There will be no waste. But when you come to raise cabbage you will get thicker and better heads, so that nothing will be put into the soil in vain. Some plants want more phosphoric acid and potash and some want less. On some soils with cauliflowers and cabbage you will want a certain quantity of these elements and get thick vegetables, and on other soils without these elements you could get thick onions and cabbage. I remember meeting a gentleman who said that he had raised a cabbage which weighed ninety-two pounds. He would certify to it. He had manured the land up to its capacity, and that food made that wonderful cabbage. It measured a little over two feet across, and had a solid head which was very deep through. It was almost round.

Cabbage Disease.

I think, Mr. Chairman, that I should like to ask you a question one point regarding your ideas. You seem to think that if you could get a cabbage well fed up to the growing point it would not be diseased. I hold that there is something about the case independent of the food. It is like the case of a squash. You may keep it well fed, but sometimes it will die out. If you have had all the potash that it needed and all the nitrogen, and may have, apparently, fulfilled all the conditions. I think it is something independent of the feeding. But this does not prove that if one is well fed it is liable to become stump-footed.

When to Plant.

Now, about planting cabbage late. Our friend, Mr. King, says that he plants about the 20th of May. I should plant later than that. The time depends somewhat upon the manuring. I plant late—up to the 4th of July. When I plant as late as the 4th of July it is an early sort like the Wakefield. I plant the Henderson and Snowball up to the 25th of June. Some other kinds must be planted by the 20th. This year cabbages could be planted later than usual. Ordinarily by planting about the 20th of May you get the largest heads. The Stone Mason you can plant as late as the 10th of June. But that will not allow the extreme limit of growth which some desire. If I was going to market the last in the fall, I should plant earlier. But if I was going to plant late I should plant late enough so as not to compete for the fall market, but would carry them over, and have them for the spring market, which is almost always good.

Mr. KING—Did you mean to state that you planted as late as the 20th of July?

Mr. GREGORY—The 4th of July. I should plant the Wakefield. It is a very early cabbage,

Mr. WARE—There is one point in regard to the long stumps Mr. King spoke of. I should attribute them entirely, as Mr. Gregory has indicated, to seed that have grown from stumps with the heads cut off. I believe that seed grown from stumps will generally produce cabbages of that description. There are liable to be long stumps with little or no head.

About hoeing cabbages, I once heard a little incident that is interesting. There were once two mechanics who had gardens of their own. They had their mechanical work to occupy the day time, and tended their gardens morning and evening. They were both raising cabbages, and each tried to have the best lot in his garden. But when it came to the end of the season it was found that one had beaten the other very much. Both had done very well, however. The beaten one said to the other: "I don't understand how it is you have beaten me, for I have hoed my cabbages once a week." The other replied; "I have hoed mine every morning right along." That may not prove anything, but it is an indication that may have some value in it.

Mr. HILL—Who has just gone out (Mr. Tapley) got a very great crop without hoeing at all. But I was very glad to draw out the explanation that he had the weeds pulled up and thrown upon the ground. That accounts, in part, for this great crop of cabbages. Pulling up the weeds opened the surface of the soil, which would amount to about the same thing, in a small way, as ploughing, and would let the sun and air come in, and thus help the growth of the plant.

REMARKS OF MR. HILL.

Mr. Chairman—It is almost useless for me to say anything about cabbages, for Mr. Gregory has gone over the ground very thoroughly. There is only one point I wish to speak upon. What he said about stump foot we don't exactly understand. I understood him to say that it might be overcome by one application of something which would take away the matter in the soil hostile to the cabbage. I don't know how that would be. Some men in the town where I live have the reputation of being large cabbage growers. Cabbages are raised many years in succession, but on the same ground we can raise only one out of three or four years. What causes it I don't know, whether the cabbage have taken out something from the soil that is essential to it. It seems to me that on my light land I could grow cabbages by skipping two seasons. Mr. Gregory, I understand, takes four.

Mr. GREGORY—Four and three.

Mr. HILL—On some land I can grow by skipping one season. I don't know but if I should put on alkali at the close of each season I might grow every year. On my land potash is not of any use. Wood ashes are of no use either for cabbages or for onions. Last year I bought some ashes from a smoke house. I took them home, thinking them to be first class ashes. I tested them by taking vinegar and putting the ashes into it to see if they were good. They stood the test well enough, and what elements you want to get. If you use barnyard manure, you have to use about ten cords to the acre in order to get enough of the elements you want.

Mr. GREGORY—When you apply the manure, how much do you mix it into the soil?

Mr. KING—I chop it in together before putting in the seed.

Mr. GREGORY—With your hoe?

Mr. KING—Yes, with my hoe.

Mr. GREGORY—How deep?

Mr. KING—That varies with the soil. I claim that if you put in manure enough, you will get just about as large a crop as you can expect. One thing should be especially considered, and that is that the plants should be started early in the season. In regard to the season of planting, I had a field of cabbage—about three-fourths of an acre. About one half of an acre of it was fertilized in the hill. In the other part I worked in some after the plants were up, and they did well.

Mr. GREGORY—Do you usually manure your plants in that way?

Mr. KING—Generally I put it in the hill.

Heading the Cabbage.

Mr. TAPLEY—Mr. Chairman—Mr. King has spoken about the heading of the cabbage. On my ground I have noticed many times that they do not head. I happen to think at this moment of a piece of cabbage I had one year. There was one acre and ten rods in the piece. The cabbage grew high and coarse, and I had considerable trouble with it. I planted it late in the season, and this acre and ten rods never was ploughed after it was transplanted. One half of it was transplanted and one-half only where it grew from the seed. There never was a plough touched it, nor a cultivator nor a hoe from the time it was sowed until it was harvested. Yet I got a good crop of cabbages from them. I have thought of that fact many times. I never had such a piece of cabbage before nor since. Cabbages were high that year. I sold $860 worth of cabbage that year from that acre and ten rods. I don't advocate letting them grow without hoeing, and do not understand how I came to get this result.

Mr. WARE—Did not the weeds overtop the cabbages?

Mr. TAPLEY—I was going to tell you how I managed that. Some gypsies were camped in a piece of woods near there, and I hired them for $10 to pull out the weeds. They are a lazy set and did not half do it. But I watched them pretty closely, and they went through and pulled out most of the weeds. They got almost as high as the cabbage, and they were left on the ground after they were pulled up. I never had a better piece of cabbage anywhere in my life.

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The Ploughman.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JAN. 2, 1886.

☞ *Persons desiring a change in the address of their paper must state where the paper has been sent as well as the new direction.*

MEETING OF FARMERS.

There will be a "Meeting of Farmers" in the Hall of the *Ploughman* Building, 45 Milk St, Boston, on Saturday, January 2, 1886, commencing at ten o'clock in the forenoon. Subject for discussion, "*The Production of Meat in New England.*" H. C. Burleigh, of Vassalboro', Maine, will lead. All are invited.

THE NEXT FARMERS' MEETING.

The subject which will be discussed at the Farmers' Meeting in the *Ploughman* Building, on Saturday, January 2d, 1886, is "The Production of Meat in New England." It is one that comes home with greater or less force to every one who cultivates a farm in this section. The leading speaker will be Mr. H. O. Burleigh of Maine, one of the well-known firm of Bodwell and Burleigh, who are also noted raisers of beef cattle for the market. The specialty of Bodwell and Burleigh is Hereford stock, of which they are among the leading importers and raisers in the country. We not long since published a brief account of the shipment of some of their heaviest beeves to this market, which was eagerly bought by the proprietors of our leading hotels and others. No man understands better the important business he is engaged in than does Mr. Burleigh, and none are better qualified to set forth before a meeting of farmers the methods and advantages of producing beef here at the East for the never-failing home market. His theory and belief is that New England can just as well raise its own meats for consumption as to import them from the far West, and thus keep up the condition of its farms.

"HAPPY NEW YEAR!"

The *Ploughman* offers to all and each of its readers and friends the sincere wish for a Happy New Year. It is the customary wish of the time, and although a well worn one, is nevertheless fresh and new every year. The past year has been one of large production by agriculture, and therefore there is solid abundance in the land. Every one naturally lets his hopes run out after better things during the new year than came to him during the old. But there is no gain for any of us which we can rightfully call our own except that which we make a permanent part of ourselves. In this direction we are allowed to hope for much, provided only we support hope with genuine effort. The year whose fresh, unwritten leaf has now been turned is as yet all our own. What it may bring to us, however, we know not, nor are we permitted to know. It is better that the future is hidden from our vision. By living in the present as we ought, we shall discover that there is no future about which we need be solicitous. The *Ploughman* will continue its weekly visits to all its subscribers with its accustomed promptness and regularity, and will strive with renewed energy to be worthy of the whole of their favor. In wishing them the full enjoyment of their desires for success and happiness, it only offers that which it knows they are but too ready to reciprocate.

THE RECESS OF CONGRESS.

Congress has taken a holiday vacation, and will not reconvene until noon on Tuesday, January 5th. It is inclined, as usual, to take things easy. The criticism is freely offered that it does not begin to perform the public work, when paid $5000 a year per member, it performed when paid $8 a day; and that the present $5000 a year fails to secure as much as the former $3000 a year. A great deal of time is no doubt wasted in needless preliminaries. After a member has sat in that body for two sessions he seems to regard it as in a sense undignified to employ despatch in doing anything. Committee machinery moves slowly. Every available opportunity for adjournment is improved. And the inevitable differences that arise between the two houses help to cause delays and afterwards extend them. It ought to be a good thing for members of Congress to go back to their constituents for a brief consultation, after organizing and receiving the Executive message. It keeps them in close relationship with the people whose agents and servants they at least theoretically are. If the good effects only become visible after their return to the capitol, the vacation time may be considered to be profitably spent. It is certainly to be hoped that after it assembles again Congress will address itself with a serious purpose to the waiting business of the country.

THE STOCK MARKET.

The stock market just at present is called a waiting one. If a point is gained one day, it is pretty certain to be lost on the next. December has been called the month of hesitation in the market, and it does not belie its name this year. December days are also called the winter of Wall street's discontent. Better times are expected after New Year's has been passed, for then interest and dividends will come in, and they will be seeking investment and engaging in speculation. But little is hoped for until then. The Christmas buying being over, the retail trade is becoming very quiet. Jobbing and commission houses are engaged in figuring up the work of the year just ending, and therefore no activity need be looked for in that quarter. Our export trade is the chief topic of speculation, owing to the changed condition of our foreign wheat traffic. It is not a very encouraging prospect that is just now held out to the producers of wheat at the West. While the present supply of wheat is larger than it has been at this time for the past three years, there are no symptoms that Great Britain is disposed to buy of us. She is now placing her dependence on India and Australia for her wheat supply, which she gets at as low figures as she could buy from us at. The trouble seems to lie with our prices, which are marked up as if we feared no competitors.

THE APPALACHIANS' NEW HOME.

The Appalachian Club, just gone into its new quarters in the fourth story of the Tickenor mansion overlooking Boston Common, which is to be its permanent home, originally admitted to its membership only residents of New England, but this restriction was soon removed. Women were admitted from the outset on the same terms as men. By the end of the first year, 1876, there were two hundred members, and the role has yearly increased until it now comprises between 600 and 700 members, scattered from Maine to California. The most of them, however, reside in and near Boston. Interesting papers are read at each regular meeting of the Club, and several field meetings are held during the year—some for an afternoon's walk to a point not far away, others for a day's excursion, while still others extend over four or five days. The object and purpose of the Appalachian Club is to attract the class of people who give intellectual character to every enlightened city—those well-informed persons who are broadly interested in scientific subjects, yet who do not claim to be regarded as scientific themselves; in short, the class on which science always depends for recognition and encouragement. The first constitution of the Club declared the objects of the Club to be "to explore the mountains of New England and the adjacent regions, both for scientific and artistic purposes; and, in general, to cultivate an interest in geographical studies." The new and permanent home for the Club is to afford a cheerful place of rendezvous for its members.

WINTER FARMING.

This is the season of indoor farming, to distinguish it from summer work in the field, and it may be made the most profitable part of the year. A distinguished painter was once asked by an ambitious worker in oils and canvas what he mixed his colors with, to whom he promptly replied: "Brains, sir; brains." It is the same way with successful farming. After all has been said about fertilizers that is to be said, it still remains to add that no fertilizer is worth much that is not both mixed and applied with brains. For the progressive farmer the winter is the thinking time, the season for laying in stores of information on agricultural subjects for study and reflection. No other class of men are situated so favorably in this respect. The farmers may be said to go to school in winter as truly as when they were boys. The neighborhood clubs, the local institutes, the country meetings, the farmers' meetings like those held weekly here in Boston, the attendance on lectures and public discussions, and, above all, long, quiet hours for reading and reflection, constitute all together an annual opportunity and privilege for farmers which few, if any, other men are offered all through their lives.

The men of acres, therefore, who idle away this precious season upon which we are now fairly entered, deserve reproach rather than sympathy. Their fields are certain to bear the eropa of the winter's planting. As water does not rise higher than its source, so it is impossible to show intelligent farming without the previously accumulated fund of knowledge on the subject. It should be the aim of all farmers, those who work small farms quite as much as those who work the largest ones, to make winter the season for the regular pursuit of certain selected studies bearing directly on their vocation. No merchant or professional man or mechanic succeeds in his chosen calling without the exercise of continual thought and even assiduous study, the results of which he energetically applies to the work he may have in hand. Why should the cultivator of land expect that he alone may be exempted from similar conditions? That he is not and cannot be so exempted is fully shown by the superiority of the well-informed and reflective farmer over his careless, habit-bound, blind and stumbling neighbor. The farmer who knows how to employ his seasons to the best advantage is the only one who deserves the name of farmer.

MR. GLADSTONE AND IRELAND.

Some claim that Mr. Gladstone is left entirely alone by the leaders of his party on the issue of home rule for Ireland, while it is insisted with equal positiveness by others that he has simply succeeded in making the breach between the Parnellites and Tories complete, thus succeeding perfectly in his original intentions. Whatever is at present to be said respecting the attitude of his subordinates in the Liberal party in regard to this now pressing question, and soon to be an absorbing one, the press of England hardly bears out in its utterances the impression sought to be conveyed, that Mr. Gladstone stands solitary and alone. For instance, an influential journal like the London Daily News asserts that "an Irish Parliament, strictly limited to legislation on purely Irish questions, and to legislation on them in conformity with the fundamental principles on which the policy of the United Kingdom is based, would, in our belief, be the beginning of pacification, and is the essential condition of it." The Daily News is well known to be the organ of the Liberal party. Its language is to be received as showing what an effect Mr. Gladstone's action has already had in changing the whole aspect of the Irish question. Even the Tory Standard is obliged to admit that "Mr. Gladstone has done more for home rule in a week than Mr. Parnell and his agents have done in their years of toil."

Of course the belief is freely expressed that Mr. Gladstone will experience great difficulty in carrying his party with him on this question. The Irish manifesto caused much bitter feeling among the provincial Liberal towards Mr. Parnell. And there is plain dissatisfaction and worse cropping out in other quarters. So that it seems to be virtually conceded that the question cannot approach a settlement without a dissolution of Parliament and a fresh appeal to the country. This time it will be on nothing but the Irish issue. The fact that the eighty-six Irish members of the British Parliament will need substantial help to maintain their position in a body which pays no money to its members for their services, has served to arouse the friends of Ireland of all nationalities in this country to contribute freely to a fund to enable them to hold the ground they have already won. Money is being paid over in large and increasing quantities to the tachment may be issued for a witness without a previous subpœna when there is reasonable ground to believe that the witness will refuse to obey a subpœna; that every marriage certificate in the Territory shall be certified in writing, the certificate to be signed by each of the parties and by the officer or priest performing the ceremony—such certificate to be prima facie evidence of the facts when produced in court, and failure to produce it is made punishable by fine and imprisonment. All records of marriages kept by officiating functionaries shall be subject to inspection by United States officials, and refusal to permit this is made punishable by fine and imprisonment. A number of territorial laws are annulled by the bill; among them the law recognising the capacity of illegitimate children to inherit a father's property; the laws which provide that prosecution for adultery can only be instituted on the complaint of the husband or wife; every act providing for or allowing the registration or voting by females, or for numbering or identifying the votes of the electors at any election; and the law conferring jurisdiction upon the Probate court except for certain purposes. Other provisions of the bill completely wipe out polygamy.

THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT

A survey of the composition of the newly chosen Parliament of Great Britain, under the enlarged franchise which admits no less than two millions of new voters to the polls is of special interest just at the present time. The next will be the eleventh Parliament of Queen Victoria, whose reign has been extended to a term of very nearly forty-nine years. It is the twenty-third year since the union with Ireland, and it may be the last year of that union. The tories predicted that the enlarged electoral conditions would make a Parliament full of radicals, pledged to "the abolition of every thing." But the actual result is very different. It may have turned out according to the tory prophecy in Ireland, but in England, Wales and Scotland the change of material in the representative body remains practically the same. Testing the character of the new Parliament by the occupations of its members, it shows but little difference from the former ones. The aristocratic, landed, fighting, money and law interests have as strong a representation as ever. Although the recent vote was far more democratic than any ever thrown in England before, the aristocratic class appears to have lost none of its position or influence. The ducal houses are as fully represented as ever. A very large array of tilted commoners, relatives of peers, have been returned. Besides the army and the law, literature and science rejoice in a large and distinguished list of representatives. All shades of political faith are to be found in the new body, and labor holds up its head proudly on the benches. The new Parliament, as a whole, fairly represents the social state in Great Britain.

FERTILIZER DISCUSSION.

In order that commercial fertilizers may be publicly discussed on their respective merits by those best qualified to speak concerning them, in place of simply being praised incidentally by those who have experimented with them, they will form the special subject for treatment at an early Farmers' Meeting in this city, at which the fertilizer manufacturers themselves will be invited to be present and fully set forth the characteristic merits of their products in their application to different soils and crops. Such a public presentation, made by those presumably best qualified to do it, will not only make the designated meeting a unique and original one, but fully instruct the farming community in just what it greatly desires to know from those professing to be the best authority, theoretically at least, and enable it more clearly than before to estimate the relative value of different fertilizers and to continue its experiments with them either more or less confidently than hitherto. It will likewise furnish an unprecedented opportunity for the manufacturers of fertilizers to place themselves in precisely the attitude they are believed mostly to covet before the agricultural public, and to maintain their claims by personal advocacy. Due notice of the meeting will be given in the *Ploughman*, and of the speakers intending to be present.

FRENCH CANADIANS RESTLESS.

There is little question that the French Canadians not only desire but calculate on the support of the Irish revolutionists in the United States. If they could obtain it, a civil war might break out in Canada any day. An organization is said to exist in Quebec which has for its object the promotion of an understanding between the French Canadians and the Irish revolutionists, in case war becomes necessary for the preservation of the religion, the language, and the laws which were guaranteed to the French in Canada by the terms of capitulation in 1763. Those privileges the French Canadians mean never to surrender without a struggle; and since the Orangemen of Toronto have threatened of late to "clean out this nest of Papists," the French Canadians have naturally taken the alarm and are looking around for allies. There are 600,000 French Canadians living in the United States, and to these their brethren in Canada naturally look first for assistance and support. The French in Quebec are to-day holding constant correspondence with those of Massachusetts, New York and Chicago, and a perfect understanding exists as to the nature of the support which the resident French Canadians in those places would give the people of Quebec if trouble ensues. But the French Canadians of Quebec expect other help. An Irish paper published in New York city recently offered support, and it had a startling effect on English public opinion. Not more than 7000 of the 37,000 militia of Canada are French.

MEAT DISCUSSION.

The subject for the next Farmers' Meeting will be "The Production of Meat in New England"—one that ought certainly to set on foot an immediate revival among the farmers of New England. A well-known importer of fine cattle, as well as a highly successful breeder of blooded stock—Mr. Burleigh, of the great stock firm of Bodwell and Burleigh of Maine will be present at the meeting and lead the discussion. Other gentlemen, experienced in the raising of different kinds of meats for consumption, are expected to take part in the meeting. There could not well be named a more interesting or important subject for a meeting of practical farmers in New England. Why this section of the country should depend as it does on the far off plains and prairies for its supplies of beef, it is not easy to answer. We certainly have the markets here in abundant number. We certainly have the required population which is indicated by the consuming power of those markets. We have the pastures in summer and the hay, grain and roots in winter adequate to the rasing and fattening of cattle raised for meat purposes. It only requires a nice calculation to compete in such a market and therefore greater intelligence and skill. These would of course come with an increasing experience. New England might just as well raise all her meats for her own population, besides a surplus for export, as to be content with truck, poultry and hay farming, depending on the West for beef, pork and mutton.

IMPORTANCE OF THE GARDEN.

The President of the Association that has inaugurated and established the popular Farmers' Meetings in Boston introduced the speaker who opened the discussion at the last meeting with a few pertinent remarks on the subject of the garden in connection with farming. It is the timeliest of topics for all practical farmers. No part of agriculture really comes closer to the sustenance of the family than the garden, with its ever fresh and varied products. Few men realize the advantages of a good garden as an adjunct to the domestic establishment. Besides its help to a family all through the season, it is a source of both health and pleasure, the latter unconsciously inviting the former. The female members of the family may freely employ themselves in the garden, and always to great advantage personally. A large part of its care may safely and profitably be devoted on them. A family table in the warm season can easily be made attractive as well as appetising by the addition of the vegetables and small fruits which the garden is ever ready to yield to cultivating care. And, in addition to the rest, a well-kept garden is an ornament to a home, adding to its look of plenty, contentment, refinement and repose. A home in the country looks bare and inhospitable without it. So slight an addendum will produce so wonderful a change. By all means keep a garden.

EXTINCTION OF POLYGAMY.

The provisions of the new bill to wipe out polygamy in Utah, entitled the Bigamy Bill, and reported to the Senate by Mr. Edmunds, are that in any prosecution under it the accused person shall be a competent witness and may be compelled to testify; that an at-

TRAINING IN MANUAL WORK.

On Wednesday evening of the current week, Dr. C. M. Woodward, the director of the St. Louis manual training school, gave to an assembled company the results of his practical and prolonged acquaintance with this branch of educational work. The object of the committee who invited him to do this service was to concentrate public attention upon manual education in schools, so as to secure from capable persons a formulation of a practical scheme and a plan for future action. Dr. Woodward discussed thoroughly the subject of combining instruction in some of the manual and mechanical arts with the ordinary processes of education, and there is no man in the country who could do it better. The promoters of industrial training in connection with our public school system desire in no way to conflict with the real purpose of education, but design rather to broaden it and place it on a basis whose result shall at all times be practical. The governing thought with them is, that an individual on leaving the public school which he is required by law to attend, shall not be utterly helpless because of such attendance, but more carefully prepared to maintain his individuality than he would have been by following any other course.

As a country, that in addition to its increasing native population is constantly receiving accessions of foreign immigrants who come here seeking support and better fortune, it is becoming more evident continually that our public school system fails to provide for it what it might and ought to be made to yield. Instead of turning out every year a numerous class of lads who are schooled to nothing but immediate helplessness, without habits of industry or the development of their serviceable inclinations, it is held that our public schools should teach, in addition to the plain rudiments of education, the use of tools and the methods of employing profitably the faculties which have been awakened in the pursuit of other studies. Being a new country, with so much material work before us yet to do, it would seem as if free training given to the youth that are coming on should be one directed first of all to use, that they may be prepared to enter at once on a career of industry which contains the only pledge of both individual and national prosperity. The problem, therefore, is how to adapt manual training to the work of the public school so as to draw from it results likely to be of value to every pupil; in other words, to teach, with other things, the general principles underlying mechanical operations.

DISPOSAL OF SEWAGE.

The report which the State Drainage Commission is to present to the incoming Legislature discusses three different methods of disposing of sewage. These methods have been extensively employed in Europe. The first one is infiltration; the second, broad irrigation; and the third, chemical purification. All of them have proved more or less successful in England, and to a limited extent in this country. Infiltration consists of a system by which sewage is conveyed to a loose and gravelly tract of land, where it is spread over the surface. Drains of tiles or pipe are sunk eight to twelve feet, and so arranged as to carry off the water that is filtered through the permeable soil. The earth being an excellent deodorizer and disinfectant, the water is purified before it reaches these drains, and is therefore not injurious to the public health. Broad irrigation is founded upon the belief that there is money in sewage, and that it can be profitably utilized as a fertilizer. This system is followed in the city of Pullman, near Chicago, but has not been found successful in general use. The attempt to utilize sewage as a fertilizer is not thought to promise success in this State. Chemical purification has been tested in England, but fails thus far to encourage its adoption as a system in Massachusetts. It consists of mixing with the sewage a quantity of lime, and after agitation the solids settle and the purified liquid is either pumped off or drawn off by gravitation. But the problem of its final disposal remains unsolved.

CHELSEA'S PUBLIC LIBRARY.

Mr. James Russell Lowell made a most admirable address at the recent dedication of the Chelsea Public Library, a gift to that neighboring city by Mr. Eustace C. Fitz. We only wish we could give it entire instead of making a needlessly eulogistic reference to it. Mr. Lowell said that a public library should contain something for all tastes, as well as the material for a thorough grounding in all branches of knowledge; ample stores of history, teaching the sternly logical sequence in human affairs, and that chance has but a trifling dominion over them, as well as the value of personal character as a chief factor in what used to be called destiny. He said also that they should have plenty of biography and autobiography; many and full shelves of political economy, which induces in us a profound distrust of social panaceas. It should likewise have abundant translations of the best books in all languages, a certain acquaintance with foreign and ancient literature having the liberalizing effect of foreign travel. The sciences should also be fully represented, that men may know in what a marvellous museum they live. Nor should art be forgotten. And there should be an abundance of imaginative literature, stretching from Dante to the elder Dumas. One boy will want a chest of tools, and another for a romance. They will be sure to get what they want, and Mr. Lowell said we do wrong in driving them to steal the food which their constitution craves.

☞ For reliable household furniture and carpets, the Boston Furniture Co., 700 Washington St., has acquired an enviable reputation Goods are sold for cash or credit, and satisfaction is guaranteed. dec19 4t

Editor's Table.

☞ *The New England Magazine* supersedes the Bay State Monthly, and makes its first appearance for January, 1886. On its covers are engraved the seals of the six New England States, and its pages are profusely illustrated with engravings of high merit, the frontispiece being a fine steel engraving of Chief Justice Waite of the United States Supreme Court. The contents are an illustrated article on Brown University, a poem by Edgar Fawcett; a description of a Summer Day Outing by Daniel Webster; an article descriptive of Attleboro', Mass.; a paper on Art in Book Illustrations; "Richard and Gamaliel Wayte and Some of their Descendants;" a sketch of Col. Christopher Toppan; a picture of Social Life in Early New England; a discussion of the Life Insurance Problem; "Elizabeth, a Romance of Colonial Days;" and valuable editorial departments. — Bay-State Monthly Co., 43 Milk street.

☞ *Harper's Monthly*, for January, 1886, contains for frontispiece an illustration from "She Stoops to Conquer;" Winter in Devonshire, illustrated; Christmas-Tide with the Germans before Paris, illustrated; Domestic and Court Customs of Persia, illustrated; A Lampful of Oil, illustrated, being a thorough exposition of the petroleum industry; She Stoops to Conquer, illustrated; "Sis," an illustrated sketch; In the Marshes, an illustrated poem; "Unc, Edinburg's Drowndin'," a Christmas story; The Militia and the Army, by Gen. George B. McClellan; East Angels, continued; Indian Summer, continued, by W. D. Howells; Hunting a Mythical Pall-bearer, by Moncure D. Conway, illustrated; and the varied Editorial Department, in one branch of which Mr. Howells appears for the first time.—For sale by Cupples, Upham & Co.

☞ Carroll D. Wright, Chief of the Bureau of Statistics of Labor, has prepared a pamphlet on Co-operative Work in Great Britain, which has just been issued. It forms a history of the co-operative movement from its beginning, including the experiments tried in Great Britain and the continental countries, and closes with a view of the Arlington Co-operative Association in Lawrence, Mass. A great deal of information on the subject is to be obtained from its perusal that is calculated to help in working out the same problem here at home. Citizens of the State can secure copies free by addressing Col. Wright, Commonwealth Building, Mt. Vernon street, Boston.

☞ *The New York Fertilizer and Chemical Exchange* is the name of a new institution in this city, the object of which is to promote social intercourse among its members and especially to introduce a free interchange of opinion upon all subjects of general interest to the trade. Many of the leading manufacturers and dealers have already connected themselves with the Association, and the prospects are very promising for an enrollment of all the leading firms in the Northern States. The officers were elected last week, and the influential persons who were chosen and whose names are given below, are sufficient guarantee that the Exchange will be well managed and prosper. The first annual meeting of the New York Fertilizer and Chemical Exchange was held in the office of the Peruvian Guano Co., No. 158 Front Street, N. Y., December 9th. The following board of officers was elected: C. V. Mapes, President; John Kehoe, Wm. H. Bowker and Wm. H. Reed, Vice-Presidents; Geo. B. Forrester, Treasurer; and John T. Williams, H. J. Hunt, Jr., G. Kirkland, and A. S. Malcomsom, Directors.

☞ *The Boston Almanac* and Directory for 1886 comes from the hands of its careful and tasteful publishers as fresh and handsome as ever. And even more so. It is prefixed with a map of the city, and the almanac is calculated for standard time. An index to advertisements, and another index to contents, renders the matter furnished perfectly accessible to all readers. In the list of contents may be noted banks, business directory, business exchanges, libraries, expresses, horse railroads, hotels, societies, courts, physicians, lawyers, schools, street directory, theatres, newspapers, markets, railway stations, and no end of other things on which instant information is daily desired. The Boston Almanac enjoys an established reputation, which it is the aim of its enterprising publishers, Sampson, Murdock & Co., No. 155 Franklin street, to advance with every year's issue. The price is $1,00.

With the January number, *The Quiver* enters upon its second year as an American magazine. In this short time it has made itself an absolute necessity in thousands of American homes, and the different members of the family, from the oldest to the youngest, are asking themselves how they ever did without it. Certainly The Quiver filled a gap, and filled it well. The current number opens with a story, "Shy Poverty," by Anne Beale, which is followed by a serial, "The Heir of Sandford Towers." The illustrations are many and excellent, and there is poetry and some music for the evening singing.—Cassell & Company, Limited, New York. 15 cents a number, $1.50 a year in advance.

The attention of our patrons is called to the San Francisco Excursions in connection with the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad, during the month of December, as affording an unrivaled opportunity for spending the winter months in the delightful climate of Southern California. These excursions are to leave Chicago and Peoria on the following dates, and by the following route:

Chicago and Peoria, Dec. 14th, via C., B. & Q. R. R., to Kansas City, and thence via A., T. & S. F, and Southern Pacific Rys.

Chicago and Peoria, Dec. 15th, via C. B. & Q. R. R. to Council Bluffs, and thence via Union Pacific and Central Pacific Rys.

The rate for the round trip from Chicago is $113.15, from Peoria $109.75, and tickets are good six months.

☞ We take pleasure in calling the attention of farmers and all others interested in *Horse Power Machines* to the advertisement of A. W. Gray's Sons in another column They are the latest improvement on horse-power, and give perfect satisfaction to those using them for threshing and cleaning grain and sawing wood. As machines they are entirely reliable, being of easy draft, performing large amounts of good work, and wearing a long time without need of repair. Pamphlets containing description are sent free on application to the firm, at Middletown Springs, Vt. C. H. Thompson & Co., 71 Clinton street, Boston, have the Gray Horse Powers on exhibition and for sale.

☞ *The Stover Windmill*, claimed to be the simplest windmill made, and the winner of the highest awards at the most noted exhibitions, has been in use for more than thirteen years in supplying water for various places and purposes, and always with unqualified success. Its features and peculiar merits are to be found described in another column, to which we refer all those who employ wind-power or contemplate doing so. The New England Agents are Henry W. Peabody & Co., Mason Building, Liberty Square, Boston.

The Royal Baker and Pastry Cook.—A Royal addition to the kitchen library. It contains over seven hundred receipts pertaining to every branch of the culinary department, including baking, roasting, preserving, soups, cakes, jellies, pastry, and all kinds of sweetmeats, with receipts for the most delicious candies, cordials, beverages, and all other necessary knowledge for the *chef de cuisine* of the most exacting epicure, as well as for the more modest housewife, who desires to prepare for her lord and master a repast that shall be both wholesome and economical. with each receipt is given full and explicit directions for putting together, manipulating, shaping, baking, and kind of utensil to be used, so that a novice can go through the operation with success; with a special and important feature is made of the mode of preparing all kinds of food and delicacies for the sick. The book has been prepared under the direction of Prof. Rudmani, late *chef* of the New York Cooking School, and is the most valuable of the recent editions upon the subject of cookery that has come to our notice. It is gotten up in the highest style of the printers' art, on illuminated covers, etc. We are assured that every can of the "Royal Baking Powder" contains an order for one of these valuable books.

IT TELLS THE STORY.

A remarkably clear and concise statement o the experiences and observations in Dakota of one of the most prominent and practical agriculturists in America, will be sent free to all who will send their address to P. O. Lock Box 273, Chicago, Ill. dec5-9t.

—If Americans will seize the present opportunity to hold up the hands of Mr. Parnell, if they will enable him to hear with unconcern the threat of an early dissolution of Parliament, they will immensely encourage his auxiliaries among the Liberals, and they will dismay his enemies. Whigs about to abandon Mr. Gladstone will falter and reflect, while the Tories themselves may hesitate to court a second and irreparable catastrophe.

TRAINING A RAW SERVANT.

A family in the pretty suburb of Scottwood have been in trouble with their hired girls. They had a jewel of a German girl, who had come from the East, and introduced many little ideas she had learned there—among others, to use Pearline in the laundry and "dust covers" in the bedrooms. But Louise got married, and the family has had a series of incapables ever since. Driven to desperation, the mistress finally secured a country girl, and determined to train her. She proved of Yankee descent, and was constantly experimenting, to find improved or "handier" ways of doing her work. She was told of Louise's methods, and declared she was "goin' ter see" what they were worth In cooking she soon excelled. She took a fancy to Pearline, and, aside from washing and bleaching clothes, did wonders with it. She washed the furniture with it; put it in the water to sprinkle carpets before sweeping; used it to shampoo the dog; dampened a cloth with it to rub the mantels, the book-covers, etc.; always had it in her dishwater; washed blinds and wood-work with it; in short, cleaned everything, the house included, with it. With Pearline for an ally, she declares, "the cholera won't stand no show round this 'ere house!"—[Toledo Blade.

—When Paris shopkeepers are convicted of selling adulterated articles of food or drink, besides having to pay the penalty imposed by the court, the text of the judgment is stuck up outside the shop as a warning to the public.

☞ Captain Mitchell, of the bark Antoine Sala, New York and Havana trade, came home in May, entirely helpless with rheumatism. He went to the mountains, but receiving no benefit, at his wife's request began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. He immediately began to improve; in two months his rheumatism was all gone, and he sailed in command of his vessel a well man. Hood's Sarsaparila will help you. Sold by all druggists.

— A serious accident, which came very near being a catastrophe, occurred at Pelhamville station, on the New York and New Haven Railroad, about fifteen miles from New York, on the 10.30 night express train from Boston, on Sunday morning about six o'clock. The whole train was derailed and thrown on its side, while the engine and mail car dashed down an embankment, at the verge of which the overturned cars stopped. The accident was caused by the wind's lifting a long platform resting on piles at the station and throwing it across the track just at the time the train came along.

"NO PHYSIC, SIR, IN MINE!"

A good story comes from a boys' boarding-school in "Jersey." The diet was monotonous and constipating, and the learned Principal decided to introduce some old-style physic in the apple-sauce, and swift the happy results. One bright lad, the smartest in school, discovered the secret mine in his sauce, and, pushing back his plate, shouted to the pedagogue, "No physic, sir, in mine. My dad told me to use nuthin' but Dr. Pierce's 'Pleasant Purgative Pellets,' and they are a doing their duty like a charm!" They are anti-bilious, and purely vegetable.

— In reference to our much needed coast defences, the people will not balk at any expense, however serious it may be, that will promote the safety and the power of the nation.

Charity—Where is the sweet word first found in the Bible? An excellent chance is offered to decide one of the large rewards offered by that sterling magazine, the *Popular Monthly*, of Kansas City, Mo., by promptly answering the above question. For full particulars read carefully their large advertisement elsewhere in this paper. The *Times*, of that city, says the publishers are perfectly reliable.

— It is said that while the late William H. Vanderbilt did not believe in throwing away his money to let the public know that he had money, all his friends and associates agree in the opinion that he was very liberal, and never permitted any genuine service to go unrewarded.

☞ James Pyle's Pearline is the very best assistant for washing or bleaching, no matter whether by the use of cold or hot water. As a labor-saving article it deserves especial mention.

— The majority of beasts and birds are prompted by a very sensible instinct to appreciate the advantages of shelter.

☞ Ayer's Cherry Pectoral cures colds and coughs; an unequaled anodyne expectorant.

— An Ohio farmer never shears his sheep, but allows the wool to grow on their backs until it drags on the ground. He says "God puts the wool on the backs of the sheep, and it's sinful to clip it."

A Boon to Housekeepers.—Washing day and house-cleaning time lose their terrors when the thrifty housekeeper uses James Pyle's Pearline.

— The Massachusetts Legislature convenes on Wednesday next, the 6th of January. There promises to be an abundance of work during the session.

HOW WOMEN WOULD VOTE.

Were women allowed to vote, every one in the land who has used Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" would vote it to be an unfailing remedy for the diseases peculiar to her sex. By druggists.

— New Year's calling in New York has become practically obsolete.

☞ Know Thyself, by reading the "Science of Life," the best medical work ever published, for young and middle-aged men. apr11-yr

—A man has just been released from Ludlow street jail in New York, through private generosity, who had been confined there for six years as a poor debtor, and might have still been kept there to the end of his days.

MARRIAGES.

In Somerville, Mass., Dec. 24, by Rev. F. B. Dickinson, Mr. Wallace M. Grant of Boston and Miss Josephine McLean of Somerville.

In Brunswick, Me., Dec. 3, at the house of Mr. J. K. Hayes, Jr., by Rev. Ellhu Loomis, Mr. Henry A. Loomis and Miss Florence E. Barker, both of Brunswick.

In Duxbury, 24th inst., by Rev. Lewis E. Perry, George W. Childs to Mrs. Eliash Black.

In Newtonville, 22d inst., by Rev. Walter Barton of Attleboro', Joseph E. Bird of Watertown to Miss Gertrude H., daughter of Elihu Sneed of Newtonville.

In Beverly, 17th inst., by Rev. S. W. Eddy, Israel W. Tuck to Miss Ella J. Tuck.

In Medway, Dec. 23, by Rev. R. K. Harlow, Mr. Charles F. Adams and Miss Abby B. Adams, both of West Medway.

In Swampscott, Dec. 23, by the Rev. W. H. Rogers, Mr. Charles A. Thomas and Miss Ida Florence, only daughter of Milton D. Porter, all of Swampscott.

In Longwood, 21st inst., by Rev. Reginald H. Hosmer, George E. Adams, Esq., of Newbury, Mass., to Miss Sarah A. Willis of Longwood.

In East Pepperell, 24th inst., by Rev. P. C. Sloper, J. Albert Bolser to Miss Merdie Jaques.

In Brockton, 25th inst., by Rev. H. T. Barnard, Charles L. Sanders to Miss Clara S. Wentworth, both of Boston.

In Weston, Dec. 22, by Rev. H. J. Richardson, assisted by Rev. George C. Dustan and David Dana Marsh, Mr. Dana Marsh Dustan and Miss Adelle Colburn, daughter of Charles W. Flint, all of Weston.

In Bridgewater, Dec. 24, by Rev. W. H. Leavell, Edwin T. Prindle and Annie Gustafson, both of Boston.

DEATHS.

In Bridgwater, Dec. 23, suddenly, Francis H. Barstow, late of Boston and formerly of Mattapoisett, 61 yrs. 10 mos.

In Foxboro', Dec. 29, Alice Cary, daughter of Benjamin F. and Anna W. Boyden, 2 yrs. 15 dys.

In Duxbury, Dec. 15, Julia Deane Freeman, 27 yrs. 1 mo.

In Framingham, Dec. 29, Angier Potter, 70 yrs. 23 dys.

In Cambridge, Dec. 29, Robert Lash Robbins, 69 yrs.

In Ipswich, Dec. 28, Margaret G., wife of Frederic Wilcomb, 50 yrs. 7 mos.

In Salem, 22d inst., Miriam, wife of Randall Andrew, 78 yrs. 6 mos. 6 dys.

In Bedford, 27th inst., Thaddeus H. Davis, 79 yrs. 9 mos.

In Charlestown District, 27th inst., Henrietta, wife of Harridan Gifford, 42 yrs.

In Barre, 26th inst., Harding Woods, 63 yrs.

In Pawtucket, 21st inst., John W. Arnold, in his 60th year.

In Wellesley, 19th inst., Mrs. Almira K. Parker, 66 yrs.

In Fitchburg, 18th inst., Major James F. Stiles, 64 yrs. 4 mos.

In Walpole, Mass., Dec. 24, Cynthia A. Craig, wife of the late Edward C. Craig, 78 yrs. 7 mos. 24 dys.

In East Bridgwater, at his residence, Dec. 24, Jacob Poiness, 83 yrs.

In Lowell, Dec. 23, John Orne Green, M. D., 87 yrs.

In Wakefield, Dec. 23, James W. Rutter, 58 yrs.

In Charlestown District, 27th inst., Jennie A. Boyd, 22 yrs. 8 mos. 21 dys.

In Concord, Mass., 27th inst., Louisa P., widow of the late John M. Cheney, 76 yrs.

In Waverley, Dec. 23, Lucy J., widow of the late John Sylvester, 67 yrs. 7 mos.

In Mattapan, Dec. 25, Mrs. Grace C. Bloxham, 62 yrs. 4 mos.

In Taunton, Mass., Dec. 23, Alfred L. Bodge, 46 yrs. 3 mos. 5 dys.

In Somerville, Dec. 24, Alvah Libby, 63 yrs.

In Medford, Dec. 26, Jacob S. Woodman, 68 yrs.

Cattle Markets.

BRIGHTON AND WATERTOWN.

Reported expressly for the Mass. Ploughman.

STATISTICS OF THE BOSTON LIVE STOCK MARKET,

For the Year 1885.

We present herewith our annual table of the amount of live stock at Boston market, showing the increase or decrease, as compared with the nine preceding years:—

	Cattle.	Sheep.	Veals.	Fat Hgs.	Pigs
1885	112,995	609,947	45,024	781,483	8,899
1884....	120,466	588,041	39,979	786,110	10,154
1883....	161,162	646,790	39,712	782,736	9,001
1882	134,993	626,006	39,045	807,989	8,581
18 1....	204,928	566,828	38,513	701,434	7,006
1880....	227,434	466,049	28,741	711,819	1,836
1879....	183,556	479,227	17,987	582,745	15,576
1878....	190,305	572,787	15,078	309,984	546
1877....	150,807	546,647	15,981	325,776	4,854
1876....	156,089	548,510	13,047	362,362	9,115

WHERE THE STOCK IS FROM.

The following table shows the number of cattle and sheep from each of the New England States, northern New York, Canada and the West, for each quarter, with the total receipts for 1885 and each of the seven preceding years:—

NUMBER OF CATTLE.

Quarter ending	Maine.	N. H.	Vt.	Mass.	R.I.	Ct.	N. Y.	West'n.	Can'da.	Total.
March 25....	2,513	12,714	11,067	37,549	1,497	1,497	1,497	1,497	1,497	1,497
June 24....	799	1,497	1,497	1,497	1,497	1,497	1,497	1,497	1,497	1,497
Sept. 30....										
Dec. 30....								

A Word to the Wise.

Every winter and spring Inflammation of the Lungs, induced by neglected Colds and Coughs, causes the death of thousands who might have been saved by the timely use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. ❝I was afflicted with a severe Cough, which deprived me of my regular sleep. After trying various remedies, without benefit, I procured a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and used it according to directions. I am happy to say that this medicine cured me. — Robert Holliway, Linn, Mo.

I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, for several years, in cases of severe Colds and Throat affections, and have always found it a speedy and effectual remedy for these ailments. — Samuel Bement, Principal Butler's School, Lowell, Mass.

I cannot say too much in praise of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I have used it in my family many years, and always with perfect satisfaction. It never failes. — Mrs. E. F. McKevin, New Gretna, N. J.

I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in my practice since 1853, and have always found it reliable for the cure of Colds, Coughs, and all Throat and Lung diseases. — S. Hayden, M. D., Saranac, N. Y.

I am never without Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It cures severe cases of Colds and Coughs more speedily than any other remedy known. — E. Allen, Kingston, O.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

WHEELER'S

Eclipse Windmill

Is the favorite, wherever known; has received more honors than anything of the kind ever constructed. It took the highest award at the Centennial, and at four other World's Fairs; also, a the National Exhibition of Railroad Appliances. It received Five Silver Medals from the N. E. Fair, and has taken First Pr ze at every State Fair in N. E., where it has come into working competition with other mills. It has been tested 18 years; over 20,000 in use. Its almost perfect mechanism renders it thoroughly efficient. Automatic, storm-proof and noiseless. I have **no Friction Balls** or other loose joints to impair its efficiency, or shorten its life. Those parts of the Eclipse taking the most strain are of wrought iron, and all wearing parts are machine finished. It is the longest stroke mill, and is the *only Solid Steel Mill which stands square* **squarely out of the wind when not at work.** It needs no "clap trap" affair, built to be auctioned off for whatever it will bring one man as much as another. We send experienced men to put up mills. Our Warehouse is the largest one East of Chicago and other water supply mate ials are kept constantly on hand. Large Railroad jobs filled at short notice. Geared Wind Mills, Pumps, Tanks, Iron Frame Tower, machinery supplied. **☞** For Circulars apply to

I. H. WHEELER, No. 68 Pearl Street, Boston.

THE DAYS OF HIGH POSTAGE

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

SUFFOLK, ss. PROBATE COURT.

To the Heirs-at-Law, Next of Kin, and all other Persons interested in the estate of MARGARET HARRIGAN, late of Boston, in said County, widow, deceased. GREETING:

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by JAMES RILEY, of Hopkinton, in the County of Middlesex, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the Executor therein named.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Boston, in said County of Suffolk, on Monday, the eighteenth day of January, A. D. 1886, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, against the same. And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once a week, for three successive weeks, in the newspaper called the Massachusetts Ploughman, printed at said Boston, the last publication to be two days, at least, before said Court.

Witness, JOHN W. McKIM, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this twenty-second day of December, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-five. ELIJAH GEORGE, Register.

dec26-3t

THE

BOSTON ALMANAC

AND

BUSINESS DIRECTORY

For 1886.

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dec12 4t

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WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt.

dec4 8t cow

20 All Hidden Name Cards, an elegant 58 page floral autograph album, 20 Scrap Pictures, a sample box of 75 pieces, and 200 New Scrap Pictures, all for **23 Cents.** SNOW & CO., Meriden, Conn.

oct10 13t cow

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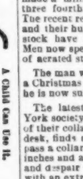

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dec19

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Curé Guaranteed

The Electro Galvanic Suspensory Belt is Positively Curing Nervous Debility, Loss of Vital Power, Premature Old Age, &c., &c. Every Weakness Promptly Cured. Any belt we sell does not generate a genuine Electric current, Price reduced to $15. Will send on trial. If not satisfactory after 60 days' use, return the full amount paid if it does not make a complete cure. Pamphlet, sealed, sent free. ELECTRIC BELT AGENCY, 267 Fulton Av. & State St. Brooklyn, N.Y.

nov12-52t

CATARRH NERVOUS HEADACHE, ASTHMA and all similar complaints cured by using **NO NAME, THE SUFFERERS FRIEND.** Send for testimonials and reliable reference of people in this section who have been cured. Sent by mail or express. Price, **50 cts.** and **$1.** KENOZA COMPOUND COMPANY., P. O. Box 125, Haverhill, Mass.

oct31 13t.

Manhood

RESTORED. Remedy Free.—A victim of youthful imprudence causing Nervous Debility, Lost Manhood, &c., having tried in vain every known remedy has discovered a simple self-cure, which he will send FREE to his fellow-sufferers. Address

J. H. REEVES, 43 Chatham-street, New York City.

dec5 52t

THOROUGHBRED

HOLSTEINS,

Imported and Home-Bred

COWS, YEARLING HEIFERS & CALVES

—male and female—for sale. This is one of the oldest and best herd of Holsteins in the country. We don't force our cows for big records, but have two-year old milk records of from 9,000 to 11,100 pounds per year, and mature cows that give from 14,000 to 16,100 pounds of milk per year. We have some extra good breed.

Bull Calves

that we can give good bargains on if sold soon Correspondence and personal inspection invited

Lake View Farm, North Andover, Mass

W. A. RUSSELL, Proprietor.

J. C. POOR, Manager. apr4-tf

Wanted.

A SITUATION as housekeeper or servant by a capable Protestant woman. Would be glad to have her boy of 7 with her, in a country home.

Address MISS MARY E. HALL, Columbia Street, Dorchester, Mass.

dec26-2t

PURE BLOOD JERSEYS.

(REGISTERED)

AND HEREFORD STEERS

FOR SALE.

The Jerseys all have solid colors and solid points The Herefords are well matched, and old enough to work. JOHN BROOKS, Princeton, Mass.

sep25 56w

LTCHINGS AND ECHOES.

This is winter without its music. One has to go out far into the country to hear the sleighbells.

The South Shore looks as people imagine the coast of Ireland does.

The South Carolina Legislature voted against a whipping-post.

Canada is to have the excitement of a general election. The time has come for the removal of the quarantine from Montreal.

A victory is claimed for the women because three of the candidates nominated for the School Board by them were elected. As each of these gentlemen would have had about 40,000 votes with the help of the women's few hundred, the victory is hardly worth crowing over, especially as the two candidates supported only by them lacked each more than 20,000 votes of an election.

A young man was seen passing through the streets Tuesday morning leading a little pug dog. The latter biped wore a black velvet blanket, with otter trimming, and a bright orange bow decorating his neck. The query arises how much did the dog's outfit cost, and would the same quantity of fur protect the throat of a couple of little poorly-clad children?

Our Puritan forefathers passed in 1600 laws preventing the observance of Christmas, and the laws remained unrepealed until 1682.

With Astor writing a book and Ferdinand Ward running a printing press, what hope can there be for the business of the author and the printer of America?

There is no worship of the nobility in America. Oh no; it's all hero worship, of course, appreciation of real worth, merit of the democracy and all that sort of thing. But when a magazine in announcing its list of famous contributors for the new year, puts the name of a marquis up in great primer, and lets all the famous writers and specialists in art and science go in nonpareil, art and science has a right to feel slighted.

Two accidents from the setting afire of large Christmas trees from the candles, and by which several persons were injured, either by being burnt or trampled upon, are what the morning papers of the 26th told of the Christmas festivities. This danger is apparent with large trees, especially in churches or halls which are likely to be filled with people, and which too often are difficult of exit.

Sara Bernhardt, while performing on a recent Sunday evening, fainted dead away during the performance, the audience meanwhile taking it all as a part of the play. Her physicians have ordered that she cancel all her engagements and rest for several months.

A despatch from Washington to the Philadelphia Press, says that the Military Committee of the House, when appointed, will be instructed to renew the investigation of the accounts of General Butler as treasurer of the National Home for Disabled Volunteers.

Congressman Whiting of this State, when in New York recently, was asked if General Butler was to be a candidate for Congress next fall. He said he did not know. It is doubtful whether the general could give a more definite answer.

The restoration of cordial relations between President Cleveland and Governor Hill is reported.

Many Western editors are in New Orleans, and yesterday was "Press Day" at the Exposition.

The views of Senator Evarts on the silver question are as mysterious as John Bigelow's reasons for declining office.

Charges of incompetency and neglect of duty against General Appraiser George V. Brower of New York have been preferred. He has not yet been confirmed.

An exchange advertises "genuine frieze ulsters." It probably refers to those short sea-coats that are so fashionable with dudes.

At a Christmas tree at Lowell, on Christmas eve, a party of young boys got possession of the free tickets issued to the Sunday-school scholars and sold them for 25 cents apiece. They afterward made themselves generally obnoxious and had to be turned out of the vestry. It is astonishing how many cases of this juvenile rowdyism are seen in the churches. Some of the boys are well connected, and because the offence happens in a church instead of a public building it is impossible to call in police aid. At many church socialables and festival gatherings it is really a neces ity to issue tickets or written invitations because of the disturbances often made by a party of boys.

Much is said about the necessity of teaching young children to gargle, and more especially does this sensible idea impress itself upon parents when diphtheria is prevalent in the neighborhood. Common salt dissolved in warm water is a good remedy to allay inflammation, but where signs of ulceration appear chloride of potash dissolved in water and used as a gargle is very efficacious. Sulphur either used in water as a gargle or blown down the throat in a dry powder, is also a good preventative of the dreaded disease, while a cold water compress is always of benefit in allaying any kind of inflammation.

Our retailers have done the best holiday trade in the history of the city. Money is easy. The army of the unemployed is small. These are facts for which Omaha will wear a cheerful smile on Christmas Day.—[Omaha Bee.

The oldest gas company in New York city made a million dollars profit in one year on three fourths that amount of paid-up capital. The recent revelations about our gas companies and their huge unpaid additions to their capital stock have added a new phase to Wall street. Men now speak not only of watered stock, but of aerated stock.—[Boston Post.

The man who gave his infant heir a drum for a Christmas present deserves all the agony that he is now suffering.—[Phil. Bulletin.

The latest favorite occupation among New York society exquisites is measuring the height of their collars. The weary clerk, toiling at his desk, finds surprising joy in being able to compass a collar that possesses an altitude of two inches and a half, the last down with envy and despair when his brother clerk taunts him with an extra half inch. The dimensions of the exquisite's waist seem to diminish in proportion as his collar grows higher.

Visalia, Cal., furnishes a pretty bird story. A small bird, which accidentally discovered its likeness in a looking glass in a paint shop, is said to daily morning and evening visits to look at its reflection. While before the mirror it performs all the coquettish acts by which a bird could render itself graceful and attractive. The feathered dandy has become quite tame, and is a favorite with the workmen.

If an elevated railroad connecting the outlying wards with the central portions of our city should be chartered by the next Legislature, it would be largely owing to horse railroad stupidity in blocking our main avenues, and a public belief that these companies manage the Board of Aldermen as they see fit.—[Transcript.

We have it on the best authority from about 400 physicians in this city that the lady who removes her hat at the theatre will never be troubled with neuralgia. This is fine—time we may add that all the men in the house will fall in love with her.—[Philadelphia Call.

NEW ENGLAND NEWS.

Another unsuccessful attempt—the fourth—has been made to blow up the rocks at the head of Green Harbor, Marshfield, Mass. The fishermen complain that the dike has ruined their harbor.

Charles Jacobs of Groton, Mass., has sailed for Paris to receive treatment from M. Pasteur. He was bitten by a horse which had been bitten by a supposed mad dog.

The Worcester aldermen are in a snarl over the election of a city electrician.

Two women have been arrested at Springfield for disturbing a meeting of the Salvation Army.

The Maine coopers have applied to Congressman Reed to champion their demands for a higher tariff on casks.

The Connecticut savings banks make a good showing this year. In the manufacturing counties deposits have increased $2,316,000, while in the agricultural counties they have decreased $450,000.

Several prominent citizens of Lawrence have been arrested and fined for fishing in Great Pond, which is leased by the town of Andover.

Senator Dawes spoke at Lawrence on the Indian question last night.

Three boys escaped from the Westboro Reform School yesterday.

Walter Hadley shot Edgar Hayes at Lyndonville, Vt., yesterday, killing him instantly. The shooting is claimed to have been done in self-defense.

WASHINGTON NEWS.

General Rosecrans says he thinks that after the holidays Congress will take up the matter of General Butler's alleged deficit of $221,000 in his accounts as treasurer of the Soldiers' Home. The probability in his opinion is that a case will be finally made up and sent to the courts in order to obtain a settlement.

The first comptroller of the treasury has approved the accounts of the United States Fish Commission for the last fiscal year without alteration or modification.

The congressional party which goes to Boston this week as the guest of the Boston Merchants' Association includes Senators Edmunds, Evarts, Allison, Morgan and Voorhees, and Representatives Randall, Holman, Tucker, Butterworth, Reagan, McKinley, Findlay, Willis, Hepburn and Goff.

It is probable that United States Treasurer Jordan will be designated by Secretary Manning to act as sub-treasurer at New York city until Congress reassembles, when a new appointment will be made.

Mr. Randall denies that he made any agreement with Senator Cameron by which certain Democratic members of the latter were to be given offices, and that he undertook to see that they should be confirmed.

Over 700 poor children were entertained at dinner yesterday afternoon by the Children's Christmas Club, an organization of which Miss Mollie Vilas, the young daughter of the postmaster general, is president, and which is composed of the children of prominent people in the city.

At the War Department the revival of the discussion concerning the power of the President and the Senate to appoint a judge advocate general to succeed Swaim, who is suspended from duty for 12 years, is regarded as inspired from New York friends of General Horatio C. King. He is the President's friend, and wants the place, but the army of officers think it should be filled by promotion.

SEDGWICK

STEEL WIRE FENCE

Is the best general purpose wire fence in use. It is a strong, neat, durable, and handsome fence. Don't injure stock. It will turn dogs, pigs, sheep and poultry, as well as horses and cattle. The best fence for Farms, Gardens, Stock Ranges and Railroads. Very neat, pretty styles for Lawns, Parks, School-lots and Cemeteries. Covered with rust-proof paint, or made of galvanized wire, as preferred. It will last a life-time. It is better than boards or barbed wire in every respect. The Sedgwick Gates made of wrought-iron pipe and steel wire, defy all competition in lightness, neatness, strength and durability. We make the best, cheapest and easiest working all-iron automatic or self-opening gate, and the neatest iron posts for fences now made. The best Wire Stretchers, Cattle Pliers and Post Augers. For prices and particulars ask Hardware Dealers, or address, mentioning paper,

SEDGWICK BROS., Richmond, Ind.

jan2 1t

REWARD, $20.00

WE will pay $20 in Gold Coin to the boy or girl under 16 who is able to spell correctly the first four weeks' trial of SHERIDAN'S POWDER to MAKE HENS LAY. $15 to the second best, $10 to the third, and $5 to the fourth. This Powder can be sent by mail, post-paid, for 30 cents in stamps. Send your address for particulars, and mention this paper. Don't fail to try. This offer will not be repeated. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., 22 Custom House Street, Boston. Business established in 1810, and is the oldest in the country.

jan2 4t

SEED ANNUAL FOR 1886.

Will be mailed FREE to all applicants, and to customers of last year without ordering it. It contains about 120 pages, 600 illustrations, prices, accurate descriptions and valuable directions for planting all varieties of VEGETABLE and FLOWER SEEDS, BULBS, &c. Invaluable to all, especially to Market Gardeners. Send for it.

D. M. FERRY & CO., Detroit, Michigan.

jan2 13t

Sawing Made Easy.

MONARCH LIGHTNING SAWING MACHINE

SENT ON 30 DAYS' TEST TRIAL.

For logging camps, wood-yards, farmers getting out stove wood, and all sorts of log-cutting—it is unrivaled. Cuts 4 cords per hour. Saves 2 men's wages. Runs easy. Immense saving of labor and money. Write for circulars containing testimonials, prices, etc. Prize also brilliantly illuminated poster in 5 colors. All free. Agents wanted. Address MONARCH M'F'G CO., (A) 806 State St., Chicago, Ill.

dec19 6teow

MEN

ONLY. A Quick, Permanent Cure for Lost Manhood, Debility, Nervousness, Weakness. No quacks. Dr. Dispatch Pamphlet, Book sent sealed, free. RESHED CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

nov7 35t

Wanted,

AGENTS in every town to sell the "Raising and Management of Poultry," a phonographic report of the meeting of breeders and experts held in Boston last March.

Send 50 cents for a specimen copy to CUPPLES, UPHAM & Co., Publishers, Boston, Mass.

aug6-tf

Grind your own Bone, Meat, Oyster Shells, Corn or Vegetables and Cure in the SCIENTIFIC BONE MILL. 100 per cent. more made in keeping poultry healthy. Send for Illustrated Catalogue and "FARM AND FIRESIDE" Circulars and Testimonials sent on application. WILSON BROS., Easton, Pa.

nov7 13t

Dogs, Canaries, And All Pet Birds,

DOCTORED BY

JACOB GRAVES,

24 Union St., Boston, Mass.

Office hours from 10 A. M. to 3 P. M. Medicines of all kinds for sale. nov21-26t

PILES Instant relief. Final cure in 10 days, and never returns. No purge, no salve, no suppository. Sufferers will try. Simple remedy. Free, by addressing C. J. MASON, 78 Nassau st., N.Y.

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HOLSTEINS Oldest herd in America—Choicest stock — Lowest prices. Cows, yearlings, bull and heifer calves always on hand for sale; safely shipped. Houghton Farm, Putney, Vt. (Wingham Co.)

aug22 tf

Cards Free Sample Book of beautiful Cards, Novelties, Games, &c., to introduce our Popular Line. Send 4c. stamp for postage. STAR PUBLISHING CO., Birmingham, Conn.

oct31 13t

21 Hidden Name Cards with Imported Scrap and Motto on each, 10c. Munson Bros., Mt. Carmel, Conn. dec5 13t

Sibley's Tested Seeds

Catalogue free on application. Send for it.

HIRAM SIBLEY & CO., ROCHESTER, N. Y. AND CHICAGO, ILL.

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LATEST IMPROVED

HORSE-POWER

MACHINES

✱ most satisfactory machines in the market for

Threshing and Cleaning Grain and Sawing Wood.

Acknowledged by all competent judges to be the most thoroughly reliable machines in the market, regarding easy draft, quantity and quality of work, and durability. Send for 48-page Pamphlet giving full description and terms, FREE. Address

A. W. GRAY'S SONS,

PATENTEES AND SOLE MANUFACTURERS,

MIDDLETOWN SPRINGS, VT.

☞ On Exhibition and for sale by C. H. Thompson & Co., 71 Clinton St., Boston

jly24-1t

TRIUMPH SOAP TRADE MARK CANTON MANF'G. CO.

Contains no Rosin, Sal Soda or Lime; is not made from Grease, and contains nothing injurious to the skin or the finest fabric. Is entirely pure. Will not chill or harden woollens. Insures a pure and lasting white. Used like any soap, and by everybody, even inexperienced hands, with perfect success. Contains no bleaching powder or anything of like nature Removes easily all stains met with in the laundry. Is a true odorless, antiseptic and sanitary soap, rendering it valuable for sick rooms and hospitals.

If you cannot get it of your grocer, send direct to the office of the Company. Manufactured under Patent Jan. 23, 1877, and for sale by the

CANTON MANUFACTURING COMPANY,

160 Congress Street, Boston, Mass.

EDWARD W. HOWE, Treas.

JAS. L. LITTLE, JR., Pres.

my9-52t

Asthma.

A REMARKABLE CURE.

MANSFIELD, Mass., Oct. 1885,

DR. A. P. LIGHTHILL—Dear Sir: You may recollect my calling at your office on the 28th of September to get your treatment of the asthma, a disease with which my wife had been severely afflicted for a long time, suffering the weariness, depression of spirits, tightness and oppression of the lungs, wheezing and difficult respiration. As night approached her sufferings generally increased, until I often was afraid she might "pass away" in one of those paroxysms. I returned home in season to have her commence taking your remedies at noon. It very soon gave her relief, and from that time till now she has not had one of those paroxysms that had generally been so distressing to her. We appreciate it as a wonderful success.

Very truly yours,

WM. BOYD.

Price $3.60 a Bottle.

Will be sent to any address on receipt of price.

Dr. Lighthill, as for the past 30 years, continues to devote his attention to the cure of Catarrh, Asthma, Hay Fever, Deafness, and Diseases of the Respiratory Organs and Nervous System.

Hours from 9 until 12 daily.

Office and Residence

115 BOYLSTON STREET,

sep11 1y MASS.

POULTRY SUPPLIES.

We are New England Agents for fine **GROUND SEA-SHELLS** for Poultry, a new article worthy of the Poultry Raisers attention. The muscle and shell are ground together, making food and shell combined. Promotes health and increases the quantity of Eggs.

We are offering pure ground Beef Scraps lower than can be obtained of any other House.

Buckwheat, Barley, Rejected Wheat, Screenings, Sunflower, Oyster Shells, Chicken Bone.

Plain and Mixed Bird Seed in Bulk or Package.

C. H. THOMPSON & CO.,

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS, SEEDS, AND WOODEN WARE.

71 Clinton, 80 and 82 South Market Streets.

jan2 1t

HOLSTEIN-FRIESIAN CATTLE!

ALL AGES AND BOTH SEXES. HOME-BRED AND IMPORTED.

Cows and Heifers bred to best Netherland and Aaggie Bulls.

The Average Records of a Herd are the true test of its merit.

The following Milk and Butter Records have all been made by animals now in our Herd:

MILK RECORDS.

We know of about 30 cows that have made yearly records exceeding 16,000 lbs. and 14 of them are now in our Herd and have averaged over 17,300 lbs.

Five Cows have averaged over 16,000 lbs. in a year. Sixty-five have averaged over 15,000 lbs. in a year. Twenty-five have averaged over 18,000 lbs. in a year. Ten Cows have averaged over 19,000 lbs. in a year. The number in the Herd that have made yearly records including fourteen 3 year olds and twenty-one 2 year olds, have averaged 12,795 lbs. 8 ozs. in a year.

BUTTER RECORDS.

Five Cows have averaged 20 lbs. 7 ozs. in a week. Nine Cows have averaged 19 lbs. 1 oz. in a week. Fifteen Cows have averaged 17 lbs. 6 ozs. in a week. Six 3 year olds have averaged 14 lbs. 3 ozs. in a week. Eleven 3 year olds (the entire number tested) have averaged 13 lbs. 2 ozs. in a week. Six two year olds have averaged 12 lbs. 11 ozs. in a week. Fifteen 2 year olds (entire number tested) have averaged 10 lbs. 5 10 ozs. in a week. The entire original imported Netherland Family of six cows (two being but 3 years old) have averaged 17½ lbs. in a week. This is the Herd from which to get foundation stock. Prices low for quality of Stock.

SMITHS, POWELL & LAMB,

sep5-13teow LAKESIDE STOCK FARM, SYRACUSE, N. Y.

FAIR AND SQUARE DEALING.

1886 GREGORY'S SEED CATALOGUE 1886

Believing that if a man has dealt squarely with his fellowmen his patrons are his best advertisers, I invite all to make inquiry of the character of my seeds among over a million of Farmers, Gardeners and Planters who have used them during the past thirty years. Raising a large portion of the seed sold, (few seedsmen raise the seed they sell) I was the first seedsman in the United States to warrant (as per catalogue) their purity and freshness. My new Vegetable and Flower Seed Catalogue for 1886 will be sent FREE to all who write for it. Among an immense variety, my Premium Collection of Vegetables (and the most complete ever offered) is unequaled. Mammoth Pole Lima, (and no more productive) 1 pint by mail, 25c.; 1 quart, 40c.; by express, 1 peck, 75c.; 1 bushel, $2.50. Mammoth Red Cabbage, best about as early as Henderson's, but nearly twice as large. 1 oz. by mail, 15c.; ¼ lb., 40c.; by express, ½ lb., 60c.; 1 lb., $1.00. Mammoth Sweet Corn, 1 pint by mail, 15c.; 1 quart, 25c.; by express, 1 peck, 50c.; 1 bushel, $1.50. Mammoth Long Blood Beet, 1 oz. by mail, 10c.; ¼ lb., 25c.; by express, ½ lb., 30c.; 1 lb., 50c. Mammoth Long Orange Carrot, 1 oz. by mail, 10c.; ¼ lb., 25c.; by express, ½ lb., 30c.; 1 lb., 50c. Mammoth Parsnip, 1 oz. by mail, 10c.; ¼ lb., 25c.; by express, ½ lb., 30c.; 1 lb., 50c. Mammoth Salsify, 1 oz. by mail, 10c.; ¼ lb., 25c.; by express, ½ lb., 30c.; 1 lb., 50c. Mammoth Red Onion, 1 oz. by mail, 10c.; ¼ lb., 25c.; by express, ½ lb., 30c.; 1 lb., 50c. Mammoth White Onion, 1 oz. by mail, 10c.; ¼ lb., 25c.; by express, ½ lb., 30c.; 1 lb., 50c. Mammoth Yellow Onion, 1 oz. by mail, 10c.; ¼ lb., 25c.; by express, ½ lb., 30c.; 1 lb., 50c. Mammoth Parsley, 1 oz. by mail, 10c.; ¼ lb., 25c.; by express, ½ lb., 30c.; 1 lb., 50c. Mammoth Pumpkin, 1 oz. by mail, 10c.; ¼ lb., 25c.; by express, ½ lb., 30c.; 1 lb., 50c. Mammoth Squash, 1 oz. by mail, 10c.; ¼ lb., 25c.; by express, ½ lb., 30c.; 1 lb., 50c. Mammoth Turnip, 1 oz. by mail, 10c.; ¼ lb., 25c.; by express, ½ lb., 30c.; 1 lb., 50c. Mammoth Watermelon, 1 oz. by mail, 10c.; ¼ lb., 25c.; by express, ½ lb., 30c.; 1 lb., 50c. Mammoth Muskmelon, 1 oz. by mail, 10c.; ¼ lb., 25c.; by express, ½ lb., 30c.; 1 lb., 50c. Mammoth Cucumber, 1 oz. by mail, 10c.; ¼ lb., 25c.; by express, ½ lb., 30c.; 1 lb., 50c. Mammoth Tomato, 1 oz. by mail, 10c.; ¼ lb., 25c.; by express, ½ lb., 30c.; 1 lb., 50c. Mammoth Pepper, 1 oz. by mail, 10c.; ¼ lb., 25c.; by express, ½ lb., 30c.; 1 lb., 50c. Mammoth Radish, 1 oz. by mail, 10c.; ¼ lb., 25c.; by express, ½ lb., 30c.; 1 lb., 50c. Mammoth Lettuce, 1 oz. by mail, 10c.; ¼ lb., 25c.; by express, ½ lb., 30c.; 1 lb., 50c. Mammoth Spinach, 1 oz. by mail, 10c.; ¼ lb., 25c.; by express, ½ lb., 30c.; 1 lb., 50c. Mammoth Beet, 1 oz. by mail, 10c.; ¼ lb., 25c.; by express, ½ lb., 30c.; 1 lb., 50c. Mammoth Cauliflower, 1 oz. by mail, 10c.; ¼ lb., 25c.; by express, ½ lb., 30c.; 1 lb., 50c. Mammoth Celery, 1 oz. by mail, 10c.; ¼ lb., 25c.; by express, ½ lb., 30c.; 1 lb., 50c. Mammoth Okra, 1 oz. by mail, 10c.; ¼ lb., 25c.; by express, ½ lb., 30c.; 1 lb., 50c. Mammoth Egg Plant, 1 oz. by mail, 10c.; ¼ lb., 25c.; by express, ½ lb., 30c.; 1 lb., 50c. Mammoth Sweet Marjoram, 1 oz. by mail, 10c.; ¼ lb., 25c.; by express, ½ lb., 30c.; 1 lb., 50c. Mammoth Thyme, 1 oz. by mail, 10c.; ¼ lb., 25c.; by express, ½ lb., 30c.; 1 lb., 50c. Mammoth Sage, 1 oz. by mail, 10c.; ¼ lb., 25c.; by express, ½ lb., 30c.; 1 lb., 50c. Mammoth Summer Savory, 1 oz. by mail, 10c.; ¼ lb., 25c.; by express, ½ lb., 30c.; 1 lb., 50c. Mammoth Sweet Basil, 1 oz. by mail, 10c.; ¼ lb., 25c.; by express, ½ lb., 30c.; 1 lb., 50c. Mammoth Dill, 1 oz. by mail, 10c.; ¼ lb., 25c.; by express, ½ lb., 30c.; 1 lb., 50c. Mammoth Coriander, 1 oz. by mail, 10c.; ¼ lb., 25c.; by express, ½ lb., 30c.; 1 lb., 50c. Mammoth Caraway, 1 oz. by mail, 10c.; ¼ lb., 25c.; by express, ½ lb., 30c.; 1 lb., 50c. Mammoth Anise, 1 oz. by mail, 10c.; ¼ lb., 25c.; by express, ½ lb., 30c.; 1 lb., 50c. Mammoth Fennel, 1 oz. by mail, 10c.; ¼ lb., 25c.; by express, ½ lb., 30c.; 1 lb., 50c. Mammoth Hyssop, 1 oz. by mail, 10c.; ¼ lb., 25c.; by express, ½ lb., 30c.; 1 lb., 50c. Mammoth Rosemary, 1 oz. by mail, 10c.; ¼ lb., 25c.; by express, ½ lb., 30c.; 1 lb., 50c. Mammoth Wormwood, 1 oz. by mail, 10c.; ¼ lb., 25c.; by express, ½ lb., 30c.; 1 lb., 50c. Mammoth Rue, 1 oz. by mail, 10c.; ¼ lb., 25c.; by express, ½ lb., 30c.; 1 lb., 50c. Mammoth Tansy, 1 oz. by mail, 10c.; ¼ lb., 25c.; by express, ½ lb., 30c.; 1 lb., 50c. Mammoth Catnip, 1 oz. by mail, 10c.; ¼ lb., 25c.; by express, ½ lb., 30c.; 1 lb., 50c. Mammoth Balm, 1 oz. by mail, 10c.; ¼ lb., 25c.; by express, ½ lb., 30c.; 1 lb., 50c. Mammoth Mint, 1 oz. by mail, 10c.; ¼ lb., 25c.; by express, ½ lb., 30c.; 1 lb., 50c. Mammoth Sweet Fennel, 1 oz. by mail, 10c.; ¼ lb., 25c.; by express, ½ lb., 30c.; 1 lb., 50c. Mammoth Sweet Flag

MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN AND NEW ENGLAND JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE. - - BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 2, 1886.

The Poet's Corner.

RACE-GIFTS.

[Emma Lazarus, in the Century.]

"Oh, World-God, give me Wealth!" the Egyptian cried.
His prayer was granted. High as heaven, behold
Palace and pyramid; the brimming tide
Of lavish Nile washed all his land with gold.
Armies of slaves toiled ant-wise at his feet.
World-circling traffic roared through mart and street.

His priests were gods, his spice-balmed kings enshrined,
Set death at naught in rock-ribbed charnels deep.
Seek Pharaoh's race to-day and ye shall find
Rust and the moth, silence and dusty sleep.

"Oh, World-God, give me Beauty!" cried the Greek.
His prayer was granted. All the earth became
Plastic and vocal to his sense; each peak,
Each grove, each stream, quick with Promethean flame,
Peopled the world with imaged grace and light.
The lyre was his, and his the breathing might
Of the immortal marble, his the play
Of diamond-pointed thought and golden tongue.
Go seek the sunshine race, ye find to-day
A broken column and a lute unstrung.

"Oh, World-God, give me Power!" the Roman cried.
His prayer was granted. The vast world was chained
A captive to the chariot of his pride.
The blood of myriad provinces was drained
To feed that fierce, insatiable red heart.
Invulnerably bulwarked every part
With serried legions and with close-meshed code,
Within, the burrowing worm had gnawed its home.
A roofless ruin stands where once abode
The imperial race of everlasting Rome.

"Oh, Godhead, give me Truth!" the Hebrew cried.
His prayer was granted; he became the slave
Of the Idea, a pilgrim far and wide,
Cursed, hated, spurned, and scourged, with none to save.
The Pharaohs knew him, and when Greece beheld,
His wisdom wore the hoary crown of Eld.
Beauty he hath forsworn and wealth and power.
Seek him to day, and find in every land,
No fire consumes him, neither floods devour,
Immortal through the lamp within his hand.

Ladies' Department.

MY RICH UNCLE.

[From the London Society's Christmas Number.]

My innate idea of a rich uncle was a bland old gentleman, with tips—*i. e.* sovereigns—at his fingers' ends. Experience corrected that. Asked at a school examination the derivation of the term "curmudgeon," I answered, unhesitatingly, "Uncle Dick."

He had quarrelled with my mother—his darling sister—for marrying a Frenchman, and had never seen her since. He lived unmarried, and alone. My mother, long widowed, had partially recovered the loss of a tender husband—never, this estrangement from her cruel brother. It embittered two lives, not to say three. He had tacitly accepted me as his heir, expressly, I know, for the pleasure of plaguing me to death beforehand. Two annual visits I paid him at Hamerton Grange. Conceive a young Daniel condemned twice a year to cast himself into a lion's den. Each time I escaped alive, only by miracle, I felt sure. One morning my mother received a letter in his handwriting. Its perusal so excited her that I foolishly dreamt he had relented. Her tones undeceived me.

"David!" she exclaimed, impressively, hiding her face, "prepare for the very worst!"

"What! Is he dead, or dying?" I inquired, thoughtlessly. I was only nineteen!

"Dying? No such thing! Lives to defraud you—my poor, innocent boy. Robbed of your own—your all! Dick, what monstrous revenge is this? He's going to be married!" she explained.

"Is that all?" said I, like the nincompoop I am. She read aloud:

"The lady, Miss P. Celia Watson, is twenty-six, of excellent American lineage. Her father was formerly commander of the constabulary, and died in the diplomatic service, at Unionapolis. Her mother was a Howard, connected with certain leading families among our old nobility. Miss Watson is a lady of culture and refinement, well worthy to share my name. I think it my duty to apprise you of an event that touches you so nearly. My nephew is welcome to come next month, as usual. I shall even be happy to see him at the ceremony, on the 31st prox."

Here she broke down, sobbing nervously.

"Insult heaped upon injury. I believe you always meant to, Dick."

Suddenly she looked up with a gleam of inspiration.

"I don't believe she's a lady—or American. She never was christened Celia. She's forty, if she's a day. Diplomatic service. Unionapolis—why, that's where our former solicitor, Hopkins, emigrated to. I'll write to him for full particulars about Miss P. Celia Watson."

The approaching University Boat Race seemed then, to me, of more consequence than the antecedents of my future aunt. Five weeks later my visit to Hamerton Grange fell due. That morning arrived the answer from Unionapolis.

"This exceeds my brightest hopes," confessed my mother, as she read:

"Miss Watson's all right, then," said I, innocently. With fond, pitying look, she replied:

"David, give your uncle this letter. He stands on the verge of a precipice—this will save him. He, who said I disgraced him by marrying a D'Aubigny! You may read it, David."

"No; thank you," said I pocketing the document. I seemed to feel it there like a red-hot coal. Pleasant carrying a bomb as a wedding-present for an uncle like Dick!

It was a two hours' journey to Hamerton, with a change at Pidcot. Absorbed in *Punch*, I barely noticed my fellow-passengers—three ladies, one young, and an elderly cleric. I thought we must be nearing Pidcot, when the carriage began jerking in an extraordinary manner. Unpleasant, short, sharp whistles sounded. Suddenly the young lady opposite flung herself on the back seat beside me, steadying her feet against the woodwork. "Sit still," she said, "it'll be smash directly."

One moment I spent in no-man's land. What happened, I never exactly knew. The next thing I was aware of was my neighbor's voice saying: "We're all right now."

I opened my dazed eyes. Human forms jammed together, broken glass, splinters, old gentleman insensible, old ladies shrieking, blood streaming from a cut in somebody's head. Horror paralyzed me; not so my fair companion.

"Open the door," she said.

"It's locked," I objected.

"Lost your railway-key? Take mine."

I obeyed, and we extricated the parson, who was beginning to recover.

"More frightened than hurt," she decided. "Get some brandy;" then, as I gazed helplessly adown the ditch, she added: "Don't you see the tavern-sign behind those trees? Run." When I returned she had bound up the cut, quieted the hysterical ladies, and was looking at her watch. "I shall miss the Hamerton train," she said. "Get my traveling-bag out of the carriage, please." I got it, nobody seemed really injured, but the line was hopelessly blocked for hours. "How far to Pidcot?" she asked of the guard. Six miles? One could drive that in time."

"If only cabs grew wild like those primroses!" I sighed. "Hamerton is my destination, too."

"I see a spring-cart in the tavern-shed, and horses in the field. Come across. Perhaps we can talk them into putting to."

And, by energetic persausions, she actually induced somebody to drive us—she kindly offered to take me—to Pidcot for a consideration. I hesitated, thinking the consideration excessive.

"That's no concern of ours," she reminded me, "charge it to the company."

Before our fellow passengers had well realized their souls and bodies still belonged together, we two were half way to Pidcot, I expressing boundless admiration of her cool intrepidity.

"Oh," she remarked, "I was in a bigger smash once, in the States."

States? I started. A fair American, bound for Hamerton.

"By all the laws of likelihood, my future aunt, Miss Watson," I surmised, squinting at the initials on her bag, which seemed not to correspond.

"I see what you're doing," she said. "They're not mine yet, but they will be. I'm to be married on the 31st."

Aha! Now was I master of the situation. "Might I know the fortunate man's name?" I asked.

"Richard Grimston, of Hamerton Grange."

"A man of fortune, toc, eh?"

"Why, certainly," she rejoined. "You don't suppose a pauper would come proposing to me?"

"Your senior, surely—considerably?"

"Twenty-five years. You needn't call it a quarter of a century, you know. And I fancy no one can look in the glass with boys as young as you, and take the shine out of souls."

I winced. My uncle was a remarkably handsome, athletic man, beside whom I seemed a mere shrimp. "Testy temper, people say?" I observed.

"Well, he's had a bad time, I expect," she replied, "with poor relations loitering, longing to step into the dead man's shoes. Vultures. What makes you fidget so?"

"The cart jostles so," I apologized, half-bursting with secret fury.

"I hate parasites," she resumed. "His little whippersnapper of a nephew is rightly served. He reckoned on having the old man to fleece living, and forget when he'd buried him and grasped his possessions."

I grasped Hopkins' letter in my pocket, my revenge, my most precious possession just then.

"You've spoilt his reckoning," I remarked, playfully.

"So perish all fortune-hunters!" she returned, likewise. "Pidcot Junction. Here we are. Just in time."

The crowded state of the train precluded further confidences. At Hamerton, as I saw her off in the only cab, she produced her card, saying:

"You'll be looking after your luggage here to-morrow. You might look after mine, and have it sent up."

I promised compliance, and started to walk to my uncle's.

CHAPTER II.

As I sighted the gates of Hamerton Grange I nerved myself for the ordeal of pleasing sensations I—as heir-presumptive—was regularly subjected to.

There was an odious mongrel cur—the only creature my uncle loved—whose bite was worse than its bark, which was atrocious. Hearing the distant music, I drew on the thick gloves I provided expressly, and prepared for events, by anticipation.

I shall struggle to the door, Uncle Dick enjoying my torment behind some blind; I stand, warding off the beast with one hand, pommeling the door with the other—the bell-wire had been broken these two years. Presently Mrs. Pike, the housekeeper, putting her head out of door, as if to repel a thief, admits me by a chink, under protest. Uncle receives me in a chilly sitting-room and a hideous dressing-gown I detest. Crossing the threshold, I trip up in an old-fashioned hole in the carpet. He compliments me on my graceful deportment, inquires when last I was flogged, or plucked, and so on, with characteristic amiability. My mother's existence is ignored. We sit down to a comfortless meal of cold pork or boiled mutton. No wine is served. If a cigar is offered, I know it is a perfidious trap to convict me of premature habits of dissipation. After dinner we play chess. Woe to me if I win—I cheat. If I lose, I'm an idiot not worth checkmating. At ten I am ordered to bed. Should I try to forget my ennui over a novel, his curfew-knock soon warns me to desist.

That bark came no nearer. By some mistake they have forgotten to let Fairy loose. Fearful lest they should recollect, I hurry to the door, hammer away, and vent my spite on the dumb bell-handle. Horror! It roused a peal to wake the dead. Just my luck! It had been mended.

A parlor-maiden, with a pretty fringe, opened the doors wide. I nearly fainted.

"Has anything happened to Mrs. Pike?" I stammered.

"Oh, no, sir," Phyllis replied. "I'm her niece, come to help clean up."

"Time you did," thought I, entering, but stopping short at the spectacle of Uncle Dick stalking into the hall to meet me. Is that a coat I see upon his back, and, gracious powers! what has he got on his face? A smile!

"Good-day, nephew, glad to see you," he says, and walks me into the dining-room.

Am I mad or dreaming? Actually he is asking after "those at home."

I answer vacantly; but instead of rating my stupidity, he inquires good-humoredly what I am looking at.

"I was admiring your new carpet," I confessed.

"The drugget was getting shabby. Draw your chair to the fire and tell me what you mean by arriving on foot, without luggage?"

He was quite chatty, quite jolly. You soon get over pleasant surprises, but more wonders were coming. An excellent dinner first—champagne, which I declined, mistaking it for a snare. He insisted. I narrated my railway adventure and encounter with his fiance, extolling her courage and nerve. He related the history of his courtship. Ensilage had made the match. It was his fad, then, as Mrs. Pierpont, who had lately rented Hamerton Court Manor, had discovered. Business correspondence had led to personal relations, and whilst the mother discoursed learnedly of silos, the daughter's eyes shot the dart that disinherited David D'Aubigny. The evening passed rapidly. A cheerful fire was burning in my bedroom. Eleven o'clock found me lounging over it, unadmonished. Out upon the old proverb about silk purses and sow's ears! Glory to Miss P. Celia Watson, who had done it—tamed the tiger, smoothed the porcupine. What angel aunt I—

Suddenly Hopkins' letter crackled in my pocket, reminding me I was here to break the engagement. Celia was no angel, but a precipice. Although this marriage impoverished me, my feeling was of unqualified disappointment. What good had my "expectations" ever done me? Fifty thousand pounds' worth of worsted uncle would get out of me before I realized a jot.

What was the obstacle? Why was Celia unworthy to become my aunt? Consumed with curiosity, I took the leave given to pursue Hopkins' letter. Instinctively I fastened directly on the fatal passage.

"Peter Watson, of the London police, left the force from ill-health, and emigrated to Unionapolis. He opened a store, and supplied the barracks. . . . He married the daughter of a baker—Howard, from Gunter's, London—and they had one daughter, Celia. Watson died the next year, and his widow married Pierpont, a hair-dresser, since deceased, who deserted her." I got no further. Policeman! Pastrycook! Hairdresser! I tore round the room excitedly. He, the soul of family pride, had been gulled by two adventurers, misrepresenting themselves as well-born. Hideous conspiracy—opportunity defeated. He, who scorned a D'Aubigny as an inferior! Exhausted, I returned to my armchair.

Yet, as passion subsided, I felt that regretful pang again. Uncle, soured by disenchantment, would become absolutely intolerable, I foresaw. Next time I came to Hamerton there would be two savage dogs to fly at my legs; no servant at all, perhaps. I should have to make my own bed, dine off dry bread or grass, like Nebuchadnezzar. Some day, likely enough, he would murder me—uncles have murdered nephews before now—and be acquitted as insane. Confound Hopkins! Why must he unearth family secrets? And why must I be thrust into the role of a domestic torpedo?

* * * * *

Next morning at breakfast, uncle looked up from reading my tutor's report, forwarded from home, saying unsuspiciously:

"Your mother says you brought a letter to show."

She had given no hint, not the slightest preparation.

"I was just going to give it to you," I said resolutely. "Here it is."

CAAPTER III.

Two hours later I presented myself at Miss Watson's, with her trunks, which I had fetched from the station. I found her alone, and promptly introduced myself as her intended nephew.

"Well, I never, *never*—could have believed you'd be so nice."

"You flatter," I murmured, ironically.

"Nice to me—you've no cause. I guess you could have done without a new aunt at this time of day."

She saved you trouble, this girl. I was puzzling how to approach the thorny subject. She stepped straight into the brambles.

"How happy should I be to call you so," said I sarcastically. "But for that, you must first marry my uncle. Possibly you may have noticed that Mr. Grimston is a very proud man."

"As Lucifer," she rejoined, "who, I'm sure, was English himself."

"He disowned my mother for marrying a D'Aubigny. No Frenchman, according to his creed, would be an English gentleman's equal."

"It's the rule," she said, coolly. "Your father was the exception, I suppose."

"And do you suppose," I exclaimed, enraged, "that he ever would have solicited your hand had he known the social standing of your father, the policeman; your grandfather, the confectioner; your stepfather, the hairdresser of Unionapolis?"

Her stare was tragic now. Her cheek paled. She trembled.

"You're joking," she faltered, hoarsely.

I sprang up exultant.

"Nay, denial is useless. This letter," placing these historical facts beyond dispute, "arrived yesterday in time to frustrate the imposition."

With a "What!" of wild dismay she snatched the letter, read, shuddered, sank together, faintly ejaculating, "Lost!"

"Wretched girl!" I shouted. "Which are vultures, pray? We, his kindred, or you, entrapping him into a marriage under false pretences?"

"Stop, Mr. David," she implored.

As well she might have cried, "Woa!" to a runaway fire engine.

"Little whippersnapper of a nephew—dead man's shoes! Parasites!"

"Mercy!" she entreated.

"*So perish all fortune-hunters!*"

She seized both of my hands, saying, "Be silent and listen," so authoritatively that I obeyed—as though she were my aunt indeed.

"My mother is the cause of this. She is a beautiful character, but she's got what they call an oriental imagination. She objects to giving plain things their right names. I'm used to hear her call a postilion a cavalier, dish-covers cupolas; a temporary jug a flagon, a street fight a duel, but this was carrying things too far! Mother, what frightful mischief have you done! Too late!"

"Can you possibly mean," I asked, bewildered, that these — disclosures — take her daughter by surprise — that you believed yourself of gentle birth?"

"Of course, I did," she replied, simply. "How should I know better? True, once since my engagement she dropped a hint in her exultation that excited my suspicions. But I never dreamt of anything approaching this—or I should have insisted on knowing the worst. Then, perhaps, if I'd fallen at his feet with a frank confession — but now he'll never forgive—never, in the violence of just resentment, believe me innocent of this fraud. For I cannot prove it. Oh, my lost friend! Great goodness, that's his knock!"

She started up.

"Come to denounce mother and child. How shall I face him, how brave his reproaches?"

She hid her face.

I stood over my aunt that was to have been, feeling almost tall and quite heroic. Now for a revenge; now for coals of fire!

It was a glorious moment.

"Celia," I said, "it may not be too late. Listen: Touched by the sunshine your influence has brought into my uncle's life I—withheld that letter—gave him one about ensilage instead. He suspects nothing. The frank confession is still yours to make."

"Worthy nephew of your uncle!" she cried, intending a compliment. "I'll thank you afterwards. He mustn't find you here. This way—quick."

I barely disappeared though one door as my uncle entered through the other, concerned to find his betrothed in tears.

"My dear Celia," he began so tenderly that I must peep through the keyhole to certify it *was* uncle speaking, "this wretched accident has affected your nerves."

"The train was upset, but it takes more to upset me," she sobbed. "I wish I'd been cut to pieces, I do. It would have spared me what I mind worse, and you would have regretted me. Say you would, Richard."

"Celia, dearest love," here I nearly betrayed myself by starting and yelling, "what have I done to provoke this strange reception?"

"Our marriage," she said with desperate dignity, "cannot take place."

Said my uncle, with frowns in his voice: "This jesting, Celia, is ill-timed; I don't understand."

"Wait, and—you—will," she faltered. "A terrible family secret, carefully kept from me hitherto. Circumstances over which I had no control materially affecting our condition."

"Pecuniary circumstances?" he suggested.

"You mean your fortune was overstated. Your mother's liberal expenditure has led into debt."

"It's worse than debts," she declared, paused, then announced, solemnly: "Blots on our escutcheon generations cannot efface."

"A family skeleton," he began uneasily, trying to laugh. "That's bad."

"Worst than the worst you can imagine."

"Not a crime?" he muttered, startled.

"Worse than a crime," she affirmed.

Hereupon he rose impatiently, saying:

"Dear Celia, I think you have got concussion of the brain."

"Not I," she returned mournfully, "it's my mother's where the screw is loose. Don't blame her before me, Richard. She is romantic—she has minded you about origin by using high sounding language. The awful truth I never knew myself. Our union is impossible. I am no fit match for Richard Grimston."

"The daughter of an eminent public functionary, and of a collateral descendant of the Norfolk Howards is no unfit match, even for Richard Grimston."

"He was a simple policeman," she sobbed, "in England; a storekeeper in America. Mother's family's only connection with their illustrious namesake was that they supplied their breakfast table with fresh rolls. Take back your betrothal ring, Richard; the worst has yet to come. The late Mr. Pierpoint was no artist—but—a—perfumer, etcetera."

There was a tremendous pause, broken by Celia's sobs. Touched, I was using my pocket handkerchief behind the door. My uncle's voice, when he spoke again, sounded ominously familiar.

"You will excuse me if I leave you now. This intelligence has stunned me completely. If true"——

"It's all true," she declared. "Ask mamma."

"Your word suffices," he said hastily, and left the house.

Instantly I darted from my hiding place to the assistance of my promised aunt, prostrate on the sofa.

"Celia—aunt, be comforted," I implored.

"Never," she returned. I'll break my heart—it'll serve mother out."

How alleviate the distress? Presently came a brisk ring at the door, and in tripped Mrs. Pierpoint, home from shopping. One glance at this pretty, careless, frisky, irresponsible-looking matron, the contents of whose brain, I suspect, were mainly thistle-down, explained much. Full of her purchases she began, without even noticing me:

"Celia, I've seen your wedding-dress. Just like a poet's dream, dear."

"Wedding-dress!" echoed Celia, bitterly. "Would it were."

"You won't be wanting to wear it everlastingly," replied Mrs. Pierpoint, misunderstanding her. "And I've composed the loveliest white pearl cuirass."

"Hush," cried Celia, frantically. I wish I'd never seen Hamerton; never left America! Never been born! It's all your doing."

"Of course it is," said Mrs. Pierpoint, complacently; "I brought you over expressly to afford you the opportunity of marrying an English gentleman—your ideal, you said."

"A likely thing," Celia bitterly responded, "that an English gentleman would marry a girl of my humble extraction. No, mother, I know all, all; so does Rich—Mr. Grimston, and he's gone, leaving me branded as an adventuress"

Mrs. Pierpoint, very slightly disconcerted, looked round as if seeking an escape. Her eye fell upon me.

"Who is that young man?" she inquired.

"Mr. David D'Aubigny," mourned Celia, my nephew that was to have been."

"He, then, is the informer against us."

"Mother, no; thanks to his generosity alone, I was enabled to inform against myself—and spared the disgraceful fate you prepared for me."

Mrs. Pierpoint began to sob.

"I did it for your good, Celia—ungrateful girl. No princess ever had a better education, and we moved in excellent society in New York. And, after all, what did I tell you or Mr. Grimston that was false? Your papa was a valuable civil servant—and his was the only pure butter in Unionapolis—I've no doubt the vine Howards sprang from a branch of the Duke's family, though the proofs may be inaccessible. As to Mr. Pierpoint, who's been dead these twenty-four years, silence is golden, but this I must say, that he was unrivaled in the coiffeur's art"——

Celia broke in vehemently:

"Mother, what mockery! Isn't it enough that you've deceived Mr. Grimston, and broken my heart?"

"That's right—turn against your own mother, who never spoke or stirred but for you. If the wedding had come off, I'd have gone back to America and never troubled you more. To think of that wedding dress wasted, and your traveling bag with the initials engraved; though certainly you might marry somebody else whose name begins with a G."

"Never! I shall go into a convent to-morrow, and die soon."

The scene was novel and pathetic—mother, daughter and intended nephew mingling their tears. A fresh ring made us all start. A messenger brought Celia a letter from my uncle.

"Read it," she said, "I daren't."

I read aloud:

"Your confession, Celia, has shocked me greatly, but your frankness touches my heart. You are not responsible for the calling of your progenitors, nor for the deplorable error that left you misinformed. I do not choose that you should suffer undeservedly. The hand I offered in ignorance I now extend to you in the fullest knowledge of your pedigree."

"That's acting like a gentleman," began Mrs. Pierpoint. Celia interposed:

"Thank him, mother"—signifying me—"Mr. David D'Aubigny, my nephew that will be yet, tell me how I can show my gratitude!"

I told her.

"When you become my aunt, contrive to make peace between your husband and his sister."

"You bet!" she tersely replied.

* * * * * * *

I had been sent down to mar the match, and there I had made it, fast and sure! Should I ever pacify my mother, I wondered? Nevertheless, as I returned to Hamerton Grange, I repented nothing.

Mrs. Pierpoint kept her word. The very day after the wedding she sailed, and subsequently married a banker—the genuine article this time, I am told.

Celia kept *her* word. The reconciliation she effected was speedy and complete. The richer by a transformed uncle, a charming aunt and interesting little cousins, I have never even missed my lost "expectations."

AGAINST THINKING.

[From the Independent.]

Peace: let speculation's guise,
Cyril! slip from your brown eyes.
Scarce could braver task enlist
Any potent alchemist
Than to spend his subtle art
Trying if he might not start
From their fatal moorings straight
Wonderment inordinate,
Vows rebellious, pangs that rive;
Dumb perplexity and pain;
And the lore unborn of books,
In those melancholy looks!
Whose kind magic shall draw out
All that brooding, all that doubt?
Heritage that do come
To the best in Christendom,
But too early on you laid,
Who, of no advance afraid,
Grow, midway of morning's light,
Clouded in your own despite,
Pondering much with one young mind
How from woe to save mankind;
Steel from magnets to deter—
Innocent philosopher!

Earthly good entangled is
In a world of sophistries;
Ancient systems unabhorred
Ranging, pestilent, abroad,
Shams irrevocable we
Fashion hourly and set free.
Foising here upon the brink,
Better is it not to think.
Such rash openings thought may give
To the sense contemplative!
Problems vexed brave heads, we know,
Cobwebbed centuries ago:
Thales, and the Persian seers,
And the Schoolmen, years on years.
Right the world on newer base,
Dreamer of a Roundhead race!
Speak austerest truth, and bring
Rancor's self to groveling;
Walk in vernant joy and health,
Undermining greed by stealth;
Be the noblest heart alive:
That will loose some brother's gyve.
Leave the wise their cult and law,
Follow on God's plan with awe;
Seek to what gains to men may be
Through a fool's simplicity.

The Skillful Huntsman.

[From Howard Pyle's "Pepper and Salt."]

Once upon a time there was a lad named Jacob Boehm, who was a practical huntsman.

One day Jacob said to his mother: "Mother, I would like to marry Gretchen, the nice, pretty little daughter of the Herr Mayor."

Jacob's mother thought he was crazy. "Marry the daughter of the Herr Mayor, indeed! You want to marry the daughter of the Herr Mayor? Listen: many a man wants and wants, and nothing comes of it!"

That was what Jacob Boehm's mother said to him.

But Jacob was deaf in that ear; nothing would do but his mother must go to the Herr Mayor, and ask for leave for him to marry Gretchen. And Jacob begged and begged so prettily that at last his mother promised to go and do as he wished. So off she went, though doubt was heavy in her shoes, for she did not know how the Herr Mayor would take it.

"So Jacob wants to marry Gretchen, does he?" said the Herr Mayor.

Yes; that was what Jacob wanted.

"And is he a practical huntsman?" said the Herr Mayor.

Oh yes, he was that.

"So good," said the Herr Mayor. "Then tell Jacob that when he is such a clever huntsman as to be able to shoot the whiskers off from a running hare without touching the skin, then he can have Gretchen."

Then Jacob's mother went back home again. "Now" said she, "Jacob will, at least, be satisfied."

"Yes," said Jacob, when she had told him all that the Herr Mayor had said to her, "that is a hard thing to do; but what one man has done, another man can." So he shouldered his gun, and started away into the world to learn to be as clever a huntsman as the Herr Mayor had said.

He plodded on and on, until at last he fell in with a tall stranger dressed all in red.

"Where are you going, Jacob?" said the tall stranger, calling him by his name, just as if he had eaten pottage out of the same dish with him.

"I am going," said Jacob, "to learn to be so clever a huntsman that I can shoot the whiskers off from a running hare without touching the skin."

"That is a hard thing to learn," said the tall stranger.

Yes; Jacob knew that it was a hard thing; but what one man had done another man could do.

"What will you give me if I teach you to be as clever a huntsman as that?" said the tall stranger.

"What will you take to teach me?" said Jacob; for he saw that the stranger had a bone like a hoof instead of a foot, and he did not like his looks, I can tell you.

"Oh, it is nothing much that I want," said the tall man; "only just sign your name to this paper—that is all."

But what was in the paper? Yes; Jacob had to know what was in the paper before he would set so much as a finger to it.

Oh, there was nothing in the paper, only this: that when Jacob's red one should come for Jacob at the end of ten years' time, Jacob should promise to go along with him whithersoever he should take him.

At this Jacob hemmed and hawed and scratched his head, for he did not know about that. "All the same," said he, "I will sign the paper, but on one condition."

At this the red one screwed up his face as though he had sour beer in his mouth, for he did not like the sound of the word "condition."

"It is only this," said Jacob: "that you shall be my servant for the ten years, and if, in all that time, I should chance to ask you a question that you cannot answer, then I am to be my own man again."

Oh, if that was all, the red man was quite willing for that.

Then he took Jacob's gun, and blew down into the barrel of it. "Now," said he, "you are as skillful a huntsman as you asked to be."

"That I must try," said Jacob. So Jacob and the red one went around hunting here and hunting there until they scared up a hare. "Shoot!" said the red one; and Jacob shot. Clip! off flew the whiskers of the hare as neatly as one could cut them off with the barber's shears.

"Yes, good!" said Jacob. "Now I am a skillful huntsman."

Then the stranger in red gave Jacob a little bone whistle, and told him to blow in it whenever he should want him. After that Jacob signed the paper, and the stranger went one way and he went home again.

Well, Jacob brushed the straws off from his coat, and put a fine shine on his boots, and then he set off to the Herr Mayor's house.

"How do you find yourself, Jacob?" said the Herr Mayor.

"So good," said Jacob.

"And are you a skillful huntsman now?" said the Herr Mayor.

Oh, yes, Jacob was a skillful huntsman now.

Yes, good! But the Herr Mayor must have proof of that. Now, could Jacob shoot a feather out of the tail of a magpie flying over the trees yonder?

"Oh, yes! nothing easier than that. So Jacob raised the gun to his cheek. Bang! went the gun, and down fell a feather from the tail of the magpie. At this the Herr Mayor stared and stared, for he had never seen such shooting.

"And now may I marry Gretchen?" said Jacob.

At this the Herr Mayor scratched his head, and hemmed and hawed. No; Jacob could not marry Gretchen yet, for he had always said and sworn that the man who should marry Gretchen should bring with him a plough that could go of itself, and plough three furrows at once. If Jacob would show him such a plough as that, then he might marry Gretchen and welcome. That was what the Herr Mayor said.

Jacob did not know how about that; perhaps he could get such a plough, perhaps he could not. If such a plough was to be had, though, he would have it. So off he went home again, and the Herr Mayor thought he was rid of him now for sure and certain.

But when Jacob had come home he went back of the wood-pile and blew: turn or two on the little bone whistle that the red stranger had given him. No sooner had he done this than the other stood before him as suddenly as though he had just stepped out of the door of nowheres.

"What do you want, Jacob?" said he.

"I would like," said Jacob, "to have a plough that can go by itself and plough three furrows at once."

"That you shall have," said the red one. Then he thrust his hand into his breeches pocket, and drew forth the prettiest little plough that you ever saw. He stood it on the ground before Jacob, and it grew large. "Plough away!" said he, and then he went back again whither he had come.

So Jacob laid his hands to the plough, and whisk! away it went like John Stormwetter's colt, with Jacob behind it. Out of the farmyard they went, and down the road, and so to the Herr Mayor's house, and behind them lay three fine brown furrows, smoking in the sun.

When the Herr Mayor saw them coming he opened his eyes, you may be sure, for he had never seen such a plough as that in all of his life before.

"And now," said Jacob, "I should like to marry Gretchen, if you please."

At this the Herr Mayor hemmed and hawed, and scratched his head again. No; Jacob could not marry Gretchen yet, for the Herr Mayor had always said and sworn that the man who married Gretchen should bring with him a purse that always had two pennies in it, and could never be emptied, no matter how much was taken out of it.

Jacob did not know how about that; perhaps he could get it, and perhaps he could not. If such a thing was to be had, though, he would have it, as sure as the Mecklenburg folks brew sour beer. So off he went home again, and the Herr Mayor thought that now he was rid of him for certain.

But Jacob went back of the wood-pile and blew on his bone whistle again, and once more the red one came at his bidding.

"What will you have now?" said he to Jacob.

"I should like," said Jacob, "to have a purse which shall always have two pennies in it, no matter how much I take out of it."

"That you shall have," said the red one; whereupon he thrust his hand into his pocket and fetched out a beautiful silken purse with two pennies in it. He gave the purse to Jacob, and then he went away again as quickly as he had come.

After he had gone, Jacob began taking pennies out of his purse, and pennies out of his purse, until he had more than a hatful—hum! I would like to have such a purse as that.

Then he marched off to the Herr Mayor's house, with his chin up, for he might hold his head as high as any, now that he had such a purse as that in his pocket. As for the Herr Mayor, he thought that it was a nice, pretty little purse; but could it do this and that, as he had said?

Jacob would show him that; so he began taking pennies and pennies out of it, until he had filled all the pots and pans in the house with them. And now might he marry Gretchen?

Yes; that he might! So said the Herr Mayor; for would he not like to have a lad for a son-in-law who always had two pennies more in his purse than he could spend?

So Jacob married his Gretchen, and, between his plough and his purse, he was busy enough, I can tell you.

So the days went on, and on, and on, until the ten years had gone by and the time had come for the red one to fetch Jacob away with him. As for Jacob, he was in a sorry state of dumps, as you may well believe.

At last Gretchen spoke to him. "See, Jacob," said she, "what makes you so down in the mouth?"

"Oh! nothing at all," said Jacob.

But this did not satisfy Gretchen, for she could see that there was more to be told than Jacob had spoken. So she teased and teased, until at last Jacob told her all, and that the red one was to come the next day and take him off as his servant, unless he could ask him a question which he could not answer.

"Prut!" said Gretchen, "and is that all? Then there is no stuffing to that sausage, for I can help you out of your trouble easily enough." Then she told Jacob that when the next day should come he should do thus and so, and she would do this and that, and between them they might cheat the red one after all.

So, when the next day came, Gretchen went into the pantry and smeared herself all over with honey. Then she ripped open a bed, and rolled herself in the feathers.

By and by came the red one. Rap! tap! tap! he knocked at the door.

"Are you ready to go with me now, Jacob?" said he.

Yes; Jacob was quite ready to go, only he would like to have one favor granted him first.

"What is it that you want?" said the red one.

"Only this," said Jacob: "I would like to shoot one or more shot out of my old gun before I go with you."

Oh! if that was all, he might do that and welcome. So Jacob took down his gun, and he and the red one went out together, walking side by side, for all the world as though they were born brothers.

By and by they saw a wren. "Shoot at that," said the red one.

"Oh, no," said Jacob, "that is too small." So they went on a little farther.

By and by they came to a ploughed field, and there was something skipping over the furrows that looked for all the world like a great bird. That was Gretchen; for the feathers stuck to the honey and all over her, so that she looked just like a great bird.

"Shoot at that! shoot at that!" said the red one, clapping his hands together.

"Oh, yes," said Jacob, "I will shoot at that." So he raised his gun and took aim. Then he lowered his gun again. "But what is it?" said he.

At this the red one screwed up his eyes, and looked and looked, but for the life of him he could not tell what it was.

"No matter what it is," said he, "only shoot and be done with it, for I must be going."

"Yes, good! But what is it?" said Jacob.

Then the red one looked and looked again, but he could tell no better this time than he could before. "It may be this and it may be that," said he. "Only shoot and be done with it, for they are waiting for me at home."

"Yes, my friend," said Jacob, "that is all very good; only tell me what it is and I will shoot."

"Thunder and lightning!" bawled the red one, "if I do not know what it is!"

"Then be off with you!" said Jacob, "for, since you cannot answer my question, all is over between us two."

At this the red one had to leave Jacob, so he fled away over hill and dale, bellowing like a bull.

As for Jacob and Gretchen, they went back home together, very well pleased with each other and themselves.

And the meaning of all this is: that many another man beside Jacob Boehm would find himself in a pretty scrape only for his wife.

A ROMAN CHRISTMAS.

[Elizabeth Robins Pennell, in December Wide Awake.]

As soon as the procession was over, every eye was turned from the chapel to a small platform on the other side of the church. It had been raised right by an old column which, long before this church was built, must have stood in some temple of pagan Rome. Out on the platform stepped a little bit of a girl, as fresh and as young as the column was old and gray. She was all in white, and she made a pretty courtesy to the people, and then when she saw so many faces turned toward her, she tried to run away. But her mother, who was standing below, would not let her, but whispered a few words in her ear, and the little thing came back and began to give us all a fine sermon about the Christ-child. Such funny little gestures that she made! Just like a puppet, and, every now and then, she looked away from us and down into her mother's face, as if the sermon were all for her. But her voice was very sweet, and by and by she went down on her knees and raised her hands to heaven as solemnly as if she really had been a young preacher. But after that, with another courtesy, she jumped down from her pulpit platform as fast as ever she could. And this is the way Roman children celebrate Christmas. On Christmas day, and for a week afterward, for one hour every afternoon, they preach their sermons, and all the people in the city and the country around, the young and the old, the grave and the gay, come to hear them.

I made a second visit to the church two or three days later. Before I left it I heard about ten little boys and girls make their speeches. One or two of the girls were quite grown up, that is to say, they were perhaps ten and twelve years old. And they spoke very prettily and did not seem in the least bit afraid. Some wore fine clothes, and had on hats and coats, and even carried muffs. But others had shabby dresses, and their heads were covered with scraps of black veils. First came a young miss whose words tumbled out of her mouth, she was so ready with them, and who made some very fine gestures just as if she had been acting in a theatre. And next came a funny little round-faced child, who could hardly talk because she was cutting her teeth and had none left in the front of her mouth, and who clutched her dress in both hands, and never once clapped them or raised them to heaven, or pointed them to the manger, as I am sure she had been taught to do. But she was so frightened, I was glad for her sake when her turn was over. Two little sisters, with hats as big as the halos around the saints' heads in the pictures, recited a short dialogue, and all through it they held each other's hands tight for comfort, even when they knelt side by side and said a prayer for all of us who were listening. And after that a little bit of a tot said her little piece, and shrugged her shoulders until they reached her pretty little ears, and she smiled so sweetly all the time, that when she had finished every one was smiling with her, and some even laughed outright. But while they were still laughing, a boy, such a wee thing, even smaller than the little smiler, dressed in a sailor suit and with close-cropped yellow head, toddled out. He stood still a moment and looked at us. Then he opened his mouth very wide, but not a word could he get out. His poor little face grew so red, and he looked as if he were about to cry. And the next moment he had rushed off and into his mother's arms. And the next boy who took his place was almost as badly scared, and half the time he thrust his hands deep into his pockets, and you could see it was hard work for him to jerk them out to make a few gestures.

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